

# NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

DRAMATIC FESTIVAL NO.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 30 TO MAY 5.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



JAMES E. MURDOCK



Mlle. RHÉA



LAWRENCE BARRETT



JOHN MCCULLOUGH



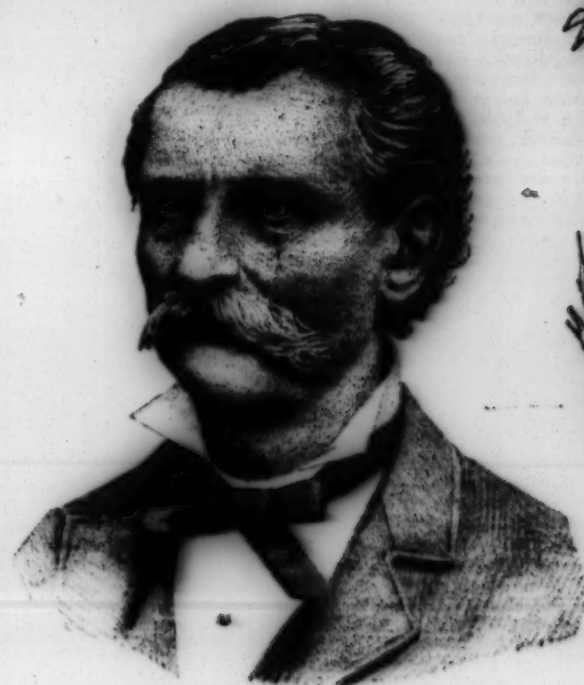
MARY ANDERSON



N. C. GOODWIN



CLARA MORRIS



JOHN A. ELLSLER

THE STARS OF THE FESTIVAL



## The Stars of the Festival.

MARY ANDERSON.

Having of late had so much foreign insipidity foisted upon us, it is with just pride that one may contemplate the history of the young artist, Mary Anderson.

She was born in Sacramento, California, some time between 1850-60. When one year old she was brought to Louisville, Kentucky, her mother having married Hamilton Griffin, a physician of that city. From childhood she manifested not only a taste but a talent for the stage. The ordinary books, of fairy tales and legends with which most children are wont to amuse themselves, were by her set aside for such standards as Shakespeare, Dante, Homer, and the modern English classics. She used to sit by the hour at her mother's knee, reading the plays of Shakespeare, spelling out the long words, and asking their meaning. When young friends called, instead of finding Mary in the yard romping with the rest of the children, she would be shut up in some room with a pile of books around her, and when games were suggested she would immediately propose playing "theatre." Thus, from the very outset, the stage seems to have been her choice, and in following the bent of her inclination subsequent results proved that she acted wisely.

Her resolve was not made without eliciting great opposition from her parents, who pictured in the darkest colors the hardships incidental to the profession. Nothing daunted, however, the girl persevered, we may say unaided, for the advantages in Louisville are not great in a histrionic line. She fed her mind with healthful food, knowing that the intellect is a mill which will grind whatever it is fed with, whether it be grist or husk. Calling on Charlotte Cushman one day in Cincinnati, when about fifteen years of age, she asked permission to read a part to the great actress. The latter was pleased both with the young girl's *personnel* and pluck, and complimented her upon the rendering of the lines, which so gratified the ambitious child that she decided then and there to become a member of the profession and that nothing could thwart her intentions.

Her mother called on Miss Cushman and begged her to dissuade Mary from this decision; but the old actress, with characteristic fervor, replied: "No; if she has the spark of genius in her, which I think she has, opposition cannot quench it—it will only fan the flame, which some day may develop into a brilliant star. She has physique, voice and magnetism, three most important elements for the stage. Let her alone; that is my advice."

Miss Anderson appreciated and seized the opportunity, and her career has since been almost phenomenal. In her own words, she has "been pushed forward as if by an unseen hand." Her first appearance was at Macauley's Theatre, in Louisville, Ky., November, 1875, when she played Juliet, to a not over appreciative audience, most of those present doubtless thinking it arrogance in a young girl to attempt such a difficult role. The aphorism, that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his country," was not reversed on this occasion; but the little star which flickered and trembled so on that night was destined to become one of greater magnitude, and none since have been more quick to recognize its place in the horizon than her own countrymen. During her last engagement in Louisville, which was her farewell there prior to going to Europe, she was crowned by Mayor Jacobs with a laurel wreath. The house was packed with an enthusiastic and appreciative audience. The play was *Ingomar*. She wore the beautiful Greek costume in which Parthenia is generally represented, and which is in such perfect accord with her classical features, and was led to the front of the stage by Henry Watterson. After the Mayor had delivered his speech of welcome and congratulation, she knelt to receive the wreath with which he crowned her. Then rising, her eyes filled with tears, she said: "These dark leaves are to me jewels of more value than all the gold of earth."

Cheer after cheer rent the air—they seemed determined to show her that they were proud of her success and felt honored by it. One flower-piece which was presented on that occasion is specially worthy of notice as being so beautiful and appropriate. It was a ladder of seven rounds, representing the number of seasons she had played. Surrounding the ladder was a star and a crown. In the centre of the star was the word "Mary," and running down the flowery ladder was the word "Anderson," meaning "Our Mary is at the top of the ladder."

In Philadelphia she was the recipient of a beautiful jewelled crown, presented by the Fencibles of that city. A number of young Kentuckians sent her a magnificent saddle-horse, on which she can be seen any pleasant afternoon in Summer, cantering along Ocean avenue, Long Branch, in company with one of her brothers. Her Summers are spent at the Branch, where she has a lovely cottage. Last Summer she replaced her sailing yacht with a fine steam-launch, the *Galatea*, named for one of her principal characters. Many a jolly party went out to brave sea-sickness and the dangers of the deep in this picturesque little craft during the heated term. Some time ago the veteran actor, Edmon S. Conner, sent Miss Anderson the dagger which once belonged to the great Sarah Siddons. In his note accompanying the gift he wrote: "As you, above all others, seem to be the one on whom the mantle of the great Siddons has fallen, I send you this precious relic, which I know you will appreciate." It was given by Siddons to Charles Kemble, and it is said that David Garrick himself once possessed it. Forrest tried time and again to get this dagger from Conner, but without success. The elder Booth always used it when he played in Conner's vicinity. What tragic tales this plain little weapon could unfold! In how many mock murders and suicides it has played a part, and how many who by their genius have electrified both hemispheres have grasped its hilt! Truly, it is a blade with a history. Miss Anderson is also the possessor of the miniature used by Miss O'Neill the first night that she played *Ingomar*, one of the principal roles of Miss Anderson's repertoire.

The Festival will be Miss Anderson's last engagement prior to her departure for Europe, on the 1st of May, whither she goes under a year's engagement to Henry F. Abbey, to play in England, Ireland and Scotland. She

opens at the Lyceum in London on the 1st of September, and will make up her company on the other side, taking with her only a few of her present support. She goes out in company with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Barrett, and the party will spend the Summer in Germany and Switzerland, resting preparatory to the Winter's campaign.

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

John McCullough's life is almost like a romance, and yet in some features it illustrates so many of the stern practicalities of human experience that it may well be accepted as an example by the young men of the present day who are hopefully treading the thorny path to fame.

Mr. McCullough was born in Londonderry, Ireland, where his father was a well-to-do farmer and the tenant of Sir Harvey Bruce, the greatest landholder in that section of the country. He describes as among his earliest recollections "a great white house, the largest, the prettiest and the pride of the neighborhood, a large-hearted father, rollicking and improvident, and finally a broken hearthstone, death, poverty and eviction." It was the era of the boy's despair. He was given into the care of an uncle and put to hard work. Sixteen years had passed over his head when he

Theatre, Philadelphia, managed at the time by William Wheatley. He had secured good parts, played them well, and as a mere stock actor was already making his mark. Returning to Philadelphia from Boston, where he had fulfilled an engagement with E. L. Davenport, at the Howard Athenaeum, he met with James M. Nixon, who was then organizing a company for Forrest, and to his astonishment he was chosen to play Pythias to the Damon of the great tragedian. The royal road to fame was now broad open. For many years he supported the grand old actor, and with him went to California in 1866.

The story is related that on one occasion McCullough was for a moment greatly discomfited. As is well known, Forrest was austere and grim-visaged, and it was not easy to tell how warm was his heart until its warmth was shown. Forrest was standing in the wings when McCullough had retired from the stage, after making a sensation. Mrs. Gladstone and himself were in the part.

"What shall I do?" said the young man.

"Do! Go and make your reputation—take the lady on and bow!"

It was not long after this episode that John McCullough found ample opportunity for the exercise of his talent. The manager found in him something more than an ordinary actor, and when he leaped to the position of a "star" there were few managers in the country who did not quickly recognize his importance and handsomely pay for his presence.

In 1880, Mr. McCullough visited London,

—a hale, rosy man of seventy, and yet looking like a bustling burgher of forty-five. It required but a few minutes to identify the actor with the boy who, as the son of the Londonderry tenant, had so often stood beside the roadway and deferentially doffed his cap as Sir Harvey and Lady Bruce rolled by in their carriage. The old gentleman was delighted. He extended an invitation to John McCullough to dine with him in his aristocratic mansion in Portland Square. There were present lords and counts, dowagers, duchesses and ladies whose plumes have waved in the presence of the Queen. It is needless to say that Mr. McCullough, as he always does, left a good impression. The hearty, genial manner that attends him all over the world carried him safely through the ordeal of the aristocratic reception, and made him a host of new friends.

After his London engagement he visited the scenes of his childhood—the old white farmhouse; lingered among the hedges and mingled with the children who had been added to the families of his people. Many changes had taken place; but the fame of the actor had preceded him, and when McCullough made his appearance and drove from village to village with Lady Bruce, crowds assembled to give him welcome, and the old men gathered to remind him of his boyhood days.

In speaking of this visit, Mr. McCullough says: "Sir Harvey Bruce and his kind lady wanted me to buy the old farm on which I was born and settle down; but I told them I would not give up my life and my friends in

was, therefore, accorded those educational privileges which wealth insures. The best schools of the city were utilized in perfecting her education, and she had the good sense to direct herself with diligence to her studies, grasping the opportunities she enjoyed to the fullest extent. When a still young girl she was sent to a Paris convent. During her sojourn in this cloister, her mother, a worthy woman, died, and Mlle. Rhéa went home. Shortly after her arrival another misfortune occurred in the death of her father.

Having a predilection for the stage, despite the urgent opposition of her two sisters and other relatives, the young lady determined to embrace the dramatic profession at the first opportunity. This offered when she happened to meet Charles Fechter, who was then in the height of his fame as a melodramatic actor. Fechter, having heard the young aspirant recite, was impressed with her ability and took her to Paris again, where he placed her under the instruction of Samson, the instructor of the great Rachel. After a short time she found entrance to the Conservatoire, where she became the pupil of Beauvallet. Göt, it is said, noticed her progress and offered to procure her an appearance at the Comédie Française; but for reasons that appear foolish, she declined the offer and returned to her native city, where she made a successful début. She next went to Rouen to play, and thence to Paris, where she created a favorable impression. After this she toured the French provincial cities, making a feature of the leading rôle in *L'Etrangère*.

Having finished this trip and secured all the renown it was capable of furnishing, Mlle. Rhéa sought further honors abroad, going to Russia and playing, of course, in St. Petersburg. Camille, one of her favorite characters, delighted the Russians, and her career would have been prolonged there as a favorite had not an event occurred which cast a gloom over the nation and caused a cessation of all public amusements. This was the assassination of the Czar, Alexander the Second. The Imperial Theatre, at which she was appearing, had to be instantly closed.

Then Rhéa determined to visit the English-speaking countries, and pursuant to this resolve went to London. She made her English début in the Gaiety Theatre, after studying but one month under the veteran John Ryder, as Beatrice, in *Much Ado About Nothing*—a part she is to play during the Dramatic Festival. After a brief rest, Mlle. Rhéa came to New York, where she appeared at Booth's Theatre, and afterward traveled to several cities in the American provinces. She was so unfortunate, however, as to have signed a contract with a manager who had lost his prestige, and it would seem, his ability as well. Despite the fact that he terribly mismanaged the engagements, surrounded her with an incompetent company, and lacked the financial solidity to undertake the establishment of a new star, she made an artistic success, creating a favorable impression wherever she acted. At last in Albany, N. Y., the manager, having involved himself and his attraction irretrievably, Rhéa abandoned him entirely.

Fortunately, in this emergency, Arthur B. Chase, one of the well-known Chase Brothers of Holyoke, Mass., entered into treaty with the actress. Negotiations were concluded by the signing of a three years' agreement which went into effect at once. Under Mr. Chase Mlle. Rhéa's artistic success increased and a corresponding pecuniary success began. All the machinery which a good manager knows how to handle was called into play and the lady's talents placed before the public under the advantageous circumstances they required. She finished her first American season with flying colors, and is now closing the second with even greater achievements to look back upon. It is a distinguished honor that a foreigner whose dramatic career in this country has been indeed brief should be selected to shine among the brilliant stars that are clustered in the Festival. Merit is the sole reason for the distinction, and every native play-goer and professional is glad of Rhéa's triumph, for cosmopolitanism in art is one of our national characteristics. Here, it may truly be said, no narrow prejudices bar the way against the competition of actors of other lands with those of American birth.

Rhéa is not a pretty woman—the word pretty fails to describe a face as finely moulded as hers is. Her eyes and hair are dark, the mouth regular, the nose straight and the figure symmetrical. In private life she is an extremely agreeable woman, well informed on all current subjects, and therefore an entertaining conversationalist. The foreign accent does not mar her utterance, but lends an added charm to a soft and sweet voice, both on and off the boards.

CLARA MORRIS.

Sara Bernhardt's eccentricities have made her as famous as her finished acting. Her coffin, studio, Damala and other toys have from time to time amused the gay Parisians, who are mightily amused by anything that is *outré*. What they received with laughter we heard with wonder, for it is not the nature of the average American citizen to relax his muscles for what he looks upon as improbability or downright craziness. However, when Dona Sol made her pilgrimage to our shores to replenish the treasury which, from extravagance and various other causes, had become sadly depleted, our good people flocked to see her—led chiefly by the irresistible power of curiosity. They were more than repaid, for not only were they satisfied in this respect; but they found a most charming artist as well. We have no prominent person on the stage who at all resembles Sara Bernhardt, unless it be Clara Morris. There are, we find upon consideration, several points of resemblance between the ladies. Bernhardt is the representative emotional actress of the French stage, while Morris occupies the same relation to the stage of this country. If Bernhardt is eccentric, Morris is even in a greater degree erratic, especially while performing her professional duties. The strict rules of art are often disregarded by the latter with a presumption that is only pardonable because she is a great actress in her particular line of business. The conventionalities which most people respect she is independent of. It is not unusual thing for an audience to see Miss Morris leave the stage in the middle of a scene, to make her medicine in the wings, while the lights left on the scene cover up the gap to the rest of the



ROMEO AND JULIET.

resolved to come to America. He arrived here with a bundle on his back, unknown and friendless. He had no companionship save his own thoughts, and his entire cash assets amounted to thirty-seven cents. He drifted to Philadelphia, found employment temporarily in wheeling coal at the gas-works, and later secured a situation as an apprentice to a chair-maker. It was here, while associating with a stage-struck companion named Burke, that he became imbued with a fondness for the theatre and joined a amateur dramatic association.

In physique he was even then well developed, lithe and active, with a rich, sonorous voice, and as soon as introduced to the stage he became the leader of the supernumeraries, by whom he was quickly accepted as a favorite. The latent genius was yet in its bud; but so earnest was his intent, so strong the purpose of his life, that only a few months elapsed when, attracting the attention of the managers, he secured a position that was the beginning of his power. He used to stand in the wings, to watch from that point the movements of the actors, to study their "business," and then, going to his humble apartment, repeat, imitate and improve. It was study, study, study, and the school was a hard one, until the sturdy coach-maker one day attracted the attention of Edwin Forrest.

Mr. McCullough was at this time only twenty-two years of age; he is now about forty-five, and an employee in the Arch Street

and began an engagement in that historic place known as Drury Lane. His appearance was quiet and unostentatious; but from the opening he made a success. As one of the critics put it, he "leaped upon the Kemble-haunted stage, and took down from a dusty shelf, where Macready had left it, a majestic, classic figure—the Roman Father—and breathed new life into it."

The crude and awkward boy who had left Ireland twenty odd years before, moulled and polished, had returned to instruct his elders. It must have been a proud moment for him—the reward of a life-time—when he could have lain down and inscribed *Finis coronat opus*.

Another pleasant incident may be recorded in this connection. While all London was reading of his success, a letter was brought to his apartment bearing an illuminated crest. It was from Sir Henry Harvey Bruce, of Down-hill county, Ireland, Lieutenant and *Custos* *Colutorum* of County Londonderry, late Lieutenant of First Life Guards, formerly member of Parliament from Coleraine, eldest son of Sir James Bruce, Baronet.

It was from the old landlord of the McCulloughs. The writer said that he remembered a son of his old tenant, McCullough, who had gone to America at an early age. He had been struck by the name of the American actor that had become like an "household word," and he was anxious to know whether the emigrant boy and the tragedian were one and the same. The next day Sir Harvey Bruce presented himself

America for all of Ireland." Then he added: "God bless that land (America) of grand possibilities, where honest effort and merit bring all that are worth living for; where rail-splitters and canal-boat drivers are exalted as rulers, and the sons of cobblers achieve riches! I think of the destiny that might have been mine if I had settled among the downs of Londonderry, and I never thanked the ship that first carried me across the sea so ardently as when I looked into the 'hard-pinched' faces of the kind-hearted peasantry whose lives are being worn away in the neighborhood where I first saw light."

What has been achieved by John McCullough during the last ten years is a matter of public record and in the memory of all readers of the press.

His history in all of its details would require a volume, because his strong individuality has been impressed upon every community of the Union. No professional has a stronger hold on the public in an artistic sense, and whether in or out of the profession, there are none who, in recalling the incidents of his career, may not say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Mlle. Rhéa.

Mlle. Rhéa's life has been somewhat romantic. She was born in Brussels, the capital of Belgium, in 1852. Her father was a man who possessed a lucrative business, and she



ability. The "waits" between the acts during most of her performances are interminably long, as the curtain is kept down to suit her convenience. It is said in extenuation of these irregularities that the actress is an invalid, and the delays are rendered absolutely necessary by her physical condition. However, this may be, the audiences always forgive her, and the prospect of tiresome interruptions never prevents the assembling of a large crowd whenever she appears. New York, where she made her name, is the city wherein she receives the largest patronage and favor, although Boston and other places acknowledge her gifts and maintain her as a popular favorite. In the Metropolis, although the ill-health before alluded to prevents her frequent appearance, she is seen at rare periods in a round of her most successful characters.

Miss Morris is about thirty-six years of age, although the papers usually put it at thirty-three; for it is necessary that an actress should always appear to be several years younger, than she really is. She is a native of Cleveland, and the peculiar pronunciation prevalent in that city has clung to her tenaciously. She was of lowly origin, her mother being employed as a cleaner in Ellsler's Academy. In '69 she was engaged by Barney McAuley (now starring in a Messenger from Jarvis Section) to play humble parts in Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. Her associates at that time were Newton Gotthold, Joseph Whiting, now of the Union Square Theatre stock; Edward Locke, and other professionals who are now well known. Miss Morris showed a good deal of ability, and became a favorite with the Cincinnati public. After closing her engagement at Wood's the actress went to New York, where, after some delay, she finally obtained employment at Augustin Daly's old Fifth Avenue Theatre, which stood on the site of the present Madison Square. Daly's was then the leading stock theatre of the Metropolis. He had a carefully-picked company of talented artists, and the newcomer was not enabled for some time to display her latent genius. At last, by one of those fortuitous accidents which happen now and then, Miss Morris was called upon to fill the place of the leading lady of the company at short notice. The part was Anne Sylvester in Wilkie Collins' play, *Man and Wife*. She astounded the audience of critical first-nighters by a performance so intensely dramatic, so weirdly psychological, that, old-stagers as they were, they were aroused to a pitch of great enthusiasm. The plaudits of that assemblage fixed Clara Morris' status on the boards. When her engagement with Daly was concluded she accepted a position with A. M. Palmer, who was at that time laying the foundation for the future triumphs of his Union Square Theatre by securing the finest players and presenting them in the best of modern plays. Whether the acquisition of Miss Morris caused or accelerated the immediate popularity of the new house or not, we are not prepared to say; but certain it is that the Union Square quickly became the leading theatre of the country. In Miss Multon, the Geneva Cross, The New Magdalen and other pieces which required the services of a great emotional actress, Miss Morris achieved all the fame that the heart of an artist could possibly desire. The plays ending long runs and made the fortunes of Messrs. Shook and Palmer. Since leaving the Square, the subject of this sketch has been attached to no stock company. Her engagements here, as we before said, been only occasional, but always peculiarly successful.

About six years ago Miss Morris was married to Frederick C. Harriott, a New York merchant of ample means. She is greatly attached to her husband and he worships her. They seldom appear in public except in the society of each other. Their home is at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, where all the books, pictures and articles of *virtu* which make a residence beautiful are collected. Miss Morris is not a handsome woman; but her figure is good and her face—especially in repose—is sweetly placid. With all her mannerisms and eccentricities, she exercises a vast magnetic power on the stage that completely disarms the critical and captivates the general public. She is very uneven in her various characterizations, slurring the less important passages and making terrific "spurts" whenever opportunity offers. This seems to be the way with all geniuses.

#### JOHN A. ELLSLER.

The younger generation of play-goers and professionals know Mr. Ellsler better in the capacity of manager than of actor. As the presiding genius of the Pittsburgh Opera House and the Academy of Music, at Cleveland he enjoys a wide reputation. He has not appeared once as an actor since stock companies gave place in the provinces to the prevailing combination system.

Mr. Ellsler is sixty-one years old, following close after Lester Wallack and Dion Boucicault in the matter of age. His birthplace was Philadelphia, where he passed his boyhood and made his bow in a small part at a local theatre. During his first season—1846-47—he built up a popularity as a comedian which was turned to good account, for the next year he was employed by the great mirth-maker, William E. Burton, who was then managing the Arch Street Opera House. He remained in this splendid school for three seasons, doing work that, looking back now, after a long and enviable career, he has no reason to feel ashamed of. After finishing with Burton, Mr. Ellsler sought a broader field in New York. He attached himself to the Chatham Street Theatre and later became a member of Hamlin's famous old Bowery organization. Here, surrounded by such men as Vandenhoff, Daverport, Jefferson, Jones and Kirby, the young man held his own and filled a niche before which the patrons of "The American Drury" felt in admiration. In conjunction with Joseph Jefferson, he afterward entered the field as a manager, playing stars through the principal Southern cities and amassing considerable means thereby. In 1853 he went to Cleveland to manage the Academy, and since that time he has been prominently identified as a manager of theatres in that flourishing city. He built the Euclid Avenue Opera House, but failed in making it a paying venture.

His other losses have proved remunerative. Personally he is a peculiar man; but his probity, scrupulous honesty and innate goodness have won him countless friends in and out of the profession. Mr. Ellsler's family have not been unworthy professors of the dramatic art, and their record has established Ellsler as a theatrical name. Mrs. Ellsler is an estimable lady and a player of excellent repute, who has filled leading positions for years with great credit.

Effie Ellsler, his daughter (in private life known as Mrs. Frank Weston), has been so prominently associated with the part of Hazel Kirke during the past three seasons that she needs no introduction to our readers. Harry Ellsler has ably embraced business pursuits, and in that department is of great assistance to his father's managerial exploits. Annie Ellsler, another daughter, has just made her debut on the operatic stage.

#### N. C. GOODWIN, JR.

Nat Goodwin is probably as favorably known as any young star now before the public. His irrepressible spirits, fund of amusing anecdote and inexhaustible good-nature have made him a favorite with everyone with whom he has been brought in contact. He is not a legitimate comedian—that is, he has not played the comic parts of standard drama. But the skillfulness with which he has adapted himself to the various characters in which he has made his public laugh gives us reason to believe that he will make an easy conquest of the other line of business. His appearance at the Grave-digger in Hamlet at the Festival will be his first attempt in this direction. It will be the stepping-stone to an espousal of the legitimate, in which he purposes to star next season. As Bob Acres, Tony Lumpkin, Golightly and kindred roles, he will place himself in comparison with the prince of legitimate comedians, Joseph Jefferson, who has hitherto had the ground all to himself.

Mr. Goodwin is a Bostonian, which to some extent accounts for his Yankee wit and shrewdness. He came into the world in '57. When he had become a full-fledged boy he was sent to school, and thence to college. But the cap and gown was not a comfortable attire for the mischievous youth. He preferred to mimic his professors rather than con their lessons. Nevertheless, he managed to squeeze through the collegiate course respectably and was graduated in due course. His parents started him in a commercial career; but the young man had no taste for it. His inclinations all tended toward the mimic art. Conquering obstacles, he finally secured a debut at the Howard Athenaeum, and made a hit in a small part. His imitations of noted actors were so faithful that they gave him a reputation at once. After this, he played minor roles at Niblo's, New York, under Thorne and Eddy's management. He eventually drifted into the variety business, doing sketches, in conjunction with Minnie Palmer, at Matt Morgan's Lyceum. Afterward he went with Minnie to Hart's Eagle Theatre (now the Standard), where he made several successes in burlesques on plays that were popular at the time. In '77, or thereabouts, Nat signed a contract with E. E. Rice, then in the height of his prosperity as a producer of extravaganzas, and made a great impression in various cities as the comic lawyer in *Evangeline*. In '79 he started out on his own hook as a star with pretty Eliza Weathersby (whom he had married), appearing in the laughable absurdity called *Hobbies*. This venture netted him plenty of profit, which he as rapidly got rid of, for Nat is too generous to become wealthy. He is rich in talent and popularity, which will ensure him a bounteous supply of the good things of this life as long as they last. The past season Goodwin has acted the Jew, Sim Lazarus, in the English melodrama, *The Black Flag*.

#### LAWRENCE BARRETT.

In arranging the programme for the Festival, no one can accuse the Committee of having neglected the claims of Lawrence Barrett; he has been chosen to play many parts. This tragedian, from a popular standpoint, ranks with the chief tragedians of this country. Yet, in respect to fitness for the delineation of the grandest of all art, it can scarcely be said that he is entitled to rank with such actors as Booth and McCullough. His admirers see many merits in his acting; his critics see many faults. Undoubtedly Barrett is a man of scholarly attainments and a close student of Shakespeare; but the argument that those who are not his adherents advance when he is brought up for discussion, is that scholarship does not make an actor when nearly all the other qualifications are lacking. In many cities he is a prime favorite, and in the smaller places he is a strong attraction. With the critics of New York he has never been a pet, and his engagements in that city are not so lucrative as those of Booth, McCullough and Mary Anderson. As Cassius, he is seen at his best. In appearance and disposition he is well suited to his faithful representation.

Twelve years ago Mr. Barrett visited England, but played only one engagement, at Liverpool. He was the Cassius of the famous Julius Caesar spectacular production at Booth's, under Jarrett and Palmer's management. Barrett is an Irishman by descent. His real name is Lawrence Brannigan. By perseverance and hard work he made his way from obscurity to the position he now maintains. Mrs. Barrett is a charming lady, whose tastes, like those of her husband, are literary. Her children were educated in Germany. The eldest daughter while there became smitten with a German baron, and she will be married to him in Berlin this Summer, Mrs. Barrett going over to attend the ceremony.

#### JAMES E. MURDOCH.

Mr. Murdoch is one of the hale and hearty veterans of the stage, having been an actor for nearly half a century. He was born in Philadelphia one year before our second war with England began. His father was a book-binder and an humble, saving person. He believed in putting a youth's nose to the grindstone as early in life as possible, and young James was therefore set to work as a prentice in his own establishment. When he had turned nineteen, through the indulgence of his father, he made his debut at the Arch Street Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Phillips. After several unsuccessful efforts he became a member of Edwin Forrest's company, traveling in support of him through the principal cities. When this tour was concluded he returned to the Arch Street Theatre, where he acted during the last of the seasons of 1831-32. For several years he retired from active duty in order to pursue a course of study, which his father had been unable to give him, of which he stood

in great need, in order that his mentality might keep abreast of the professional attitude toward which he was reaching. During this period he devoted some of his time to the production of a book on voice culture, which was found, on its appearance, to be valuable.

In '45 Murdoch played at the old Park Theatre, New York, and later at the Bowery as Hamlet, Richard and Ma-beth. He scored a great success at this time in a play called *Witchcraft*, which was written for him by Cornelius Mathews. Eight years later he made a trip to California. The gold fever had not done raging then, and as the inhabitants were generous and prosperous, they poured a considerable fortune into the tragedian's pocket. His success, from an artistic standpoint, was considered remarkable. After this he went to London and played at Buckstone's Haymarket Theatre a round of his best parts, which included Charles Surface and Rover. The impression he made there has never been equalled by an American actor since, with the single exception of Edwin Booth's recent triumphs. When the late civil war broke out, Murdoch began giving patriotic readings for the benefit of the Northern cause, which he continued with excellent pecuniary results to near the end of the sad conflict. When the war ended he retired to his home, where he has remained for the most part in retirement ever since. His appearance during the Festival will not only awaken memories in the hearts of old theatre-goers, but provide a treat for the younger generation, who are familiar with his fame but not with his acting. Recently Mr. Murdoch published a book of personal reminiscences. Making due allowance for the universal egotism of this kind of work, its pages are replete with interesting facts and original thoughts.

#### Some of the Scenery.

The first act of Julius Caesar, which is confined to one scene—a street, in Rome—was painted by Gaspard Maeder, after models by Waugh. This is a grand piece of work. In the distance is the Tarpeian Rock, with the Temple of Jove towering beyond. The Temples of Hercules and of Concordia, or Peace, are also seen, with the shrine of Jupiter Tonans. A triumphal arch through which the procession passes will be a conspicuous feature. The other scenes were painted by Harley Merry, Joseph Piggott, Maeder, Thompson, T. R. Weston and Rettig. The garden scene, by Piggott, is an especially fine piece of work.

The port of Fumagasta, in Act III, of *Othello*, was painted by Maeder from models by Weston. It is one of the finest scenes of the Festival. The entire scenery for *Othello* was painted by Maeder, Weston, Thompson, Rettig, Wilson and Leslie.

The first scene of Hamlet, the Castle of Elsinore, is 65x60 feet in extent. Hamlet is the best staged work of the Festival, especially the Ghost and graveyard scenes. In the latter 200 figures are seen in the cortege. Clambering vines and plants are in profusion, with grassy mounds, etc., all so disposed as to make the graveyard scene the most natural ever seen upon a stage. Most of the scenes are by Maeder, Merry and Weston.

The first scene of Romeo and Juliet is a faithful reproduction of the Piazza delle Elbe, being historically correct to the minutest details. Park in Verona, Room in Capulet's House, Hall in Capulet's House, the three succeeding scenes, are very elaborate, and are faultless in details. Act II, is taken up by the balcony scene, to which especial attention has been paid.

There is but one scene in Act I, of *Much Ado About Nothing*—the court beyond Leonato's house, in Messina. In Act III, five scenes have been reduced to two, and three to two in Act IV.

The scenes of *The Hunchback* are mostly interiors, and have been a difficult task for the artists, on account of the proportions of the Music Hall stage. The handsomest is Scene 2 of Act I, the Mansion and Park of the Hunchback. Much care was taken in its construction, in deference to Mary Anderson's wishes. Scene 2, Act II, an old English street, is from a carefully-prepared design by Waugh.

#### James Sheridan Knowles.

James Sheridan Knowles, the author of *The Hunchback*, was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1784. The dramatic instinct showed itself at an unusually early age, for he got up and trained a company of juvenile actors, and even wrote plays for them, when he was only twelve years old. The whole company spoke in the true Corkonian drawl, and the author-manager had the thickest brogue of the lot; indeed, that accomplishment stuck to him through life and seriously impeded his histrionic efforts. Fortunately, he did not write with a brogue, as his countryman, Lever, did. His accent did not, however, prevent him from teaching elocution, which he did in Belfast, in a small room over a chandler's shop, where he used frequently to recite the part of Brutus in a rich Southern brogue to a Cassius who talked in the sub-acid Scotch-Irish of that linen-weaving locality. The result was said to be very curious—something like curds and whey.

He was very tenacious on the subject of his elocutionary powers, and was far more proud of his reading than of his writing. It is told of him that, being in a tavern in London, he entered into conversation with a stranger, who immediately began to talk about Ireland as his interlocutor's native country, upon which Knowles cried in a rich Doric:

"Ah, then, how did ye find out that I was Irish, sor?"

"Why, by your tongue, of course," replied the stranger.

"Faith, then, that's quare," retorted Knowles, "I was ever an' always considered to spake like an Englishman in Cork."

"Oh! perhaps sor," said the Briton, "in Cork."

Knowles turned parson afterward; but he did not shine at the altar, although his oily brogue ought to have been a recommendation to his discourses. His writings, however, have made his name immortal, and the selection of his *Hunchback* as the worthy companion of the greatest works of Shakespeare shows the consideration in which he is held as a dramatic author of the first rank. Knowles died in England on November 30, 1862.

#### The Festival Programme.

In publishing the programmes of the Festival performances we deem it desirable to annex, as a sort of corollary, brief comments on each play. The representations in the evening will begin at 7.30, and spectators, in order to miss no detail, should be in their seats five minutes before the curtain ascends. The matinee performances begin promptly at 2 o'clock.

Between the acts a bugle-call will announce to the audience that the next act is about to commence. This call will precede the rising of the curtain five minutes.

#### FIRST REPRESENTATION—MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 30.

**JULIUS CAESAR.**  
Julius Caesar..... Louis James  
Octavius Caesar..... Otis Skinner  
Marcus Antonius..... James F. Murdoch  
Cassius..... John McCullough  
Cinna..... Lawrence Barrett  
Trebonius..... F. C. Mosley  
Decius Brutus..... B. G. Rogers  
Metellus Cimber..... H. C. Barton  
Cinna..... F. Little  
Popilius, a friend to Brutus and Cassius..... Homer Cope  
Titinius, a friend to Brutus and Cassius..... Kate Forsyth  
Lucius, servant to Brutus..... Miss M. Willett  
Pindaro, servant to Cassius..... Charles Rolfe  
A. Soothsayer..... Erroll Dunbar  
Servius..... Mrs. Charles Plunkett  
First Citizen..... C. W. Vance  
Second Citizen..... Charles Plunkett  
Calphurnia, wife to Julius Caesar..... Marie Wainwright  
Portia, wife to Brutus..... Kate Forsyth  
Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Attendants, etc.  
SCENE: During a part of the play, at Rome; afterward at Sardis and near Philippi.

Julius Caesar gives us a trinity of characters not to be found in any other play we can think of. The stern simplicity of Brutus, the cranky tetchiness of Cassius and the free-handed gallantry of Mark Antony stand contrasted, and yet combined, as none but a master-hand could have contrived and combined them. Brutus' plain and terse speech, the wordy cavillings of Cassius, and the poetic eloquence of Mark Antony will always be models of their various styles, and impress us with wonder how one mind could have conceived, one hand written such differing matters. Without daring or wishing to dethrone Shakespeare, we may be permitted to imagine that the mighty master, had his advisers and collaborators, for 'tis well nigh impossible to believe that "one small head could carry all he knew." Every Emperor has his cabinet, why not the monarch of the drama? Raleigh would account for the good seamanship of *The Tempest*, Bacon for the legal lore of *The Merchant of Venice*, and Leicester for the courtly gallants of the historical plays, and the high-bred comedy of *Rosalind and Beatrice* tempered, of course, by the master-hand of William Shakespeare.

#### SECOND REPRESENTATION—TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 1.

**THE HUNCHBACK.**  
Master Walter..... John McCullough  
Sir Thomas Clifford..... Lawrence Barrett  
Modus..... N. C. Goodwin  
Master Heartwell..... B. G. Rogers  
Fathom..... Charles Plunkett  
Lord Tinsel..... Frank Little  
Master Wilford..... F. C. Mosley  
Gaylord..... H. C. Barton  
Thomas..... C. W. Vance  
Stephen..... C. W. Vance  
Servant..... Homer Cope  
Julia..... Mary Anderson  
Helen..... Kate Forsyth  
SCENE: England.

The Hunchback is perhaps the most perfect example of serious and light acting at present in possession of the stage. Julia and Helen are the two ends of a balance in equilibrium. It is hard to say which of the two will weigh the most in public favor, and the scale is swayed more by the personal attributes of the occupant than by the intrinsic quality of the metal. The author, Sheridan Knowles, was an Irishman, and, like Shakespeare, an indifferent actor. He had a rich brogue, and did not know it. As is the case with many of his fellow-countrymen, he wrote many plays; but, after all, his fame rests mainly upon *The Hunchback*, and that will last, as long as the English language is "understanded of the people," as one of the classics of the tongue.

Knowles turned Methodist preacher in his latter days, and fought against the profession that had made him what he was; but many forsake their early loves in their dotage, and are to be pitied, not hated. A man should be judged in his prime, not in his decadence; and we prefer to look upon Sheridan Knowles rather as the author of *The Hunchback* than as the preacher.

Third representation, Wednesday afternoon, May 2—Julius Caesar repeated.

#### FOURTH REPRESENTATION—WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 2.

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.**  
Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon..... Louis James  
Don John, his bastard brother..... F. C. Mosley  
Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, favorite of Don Pedro..... Otis Skinner  
Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favorite of Don Pedro..... Lawrence Barrett  
Leonato, Governor of Messina..... W. Harris  
Antonio, brother to Leonato..... Erroll Dunbar  
Borachio, follower of..... Leo Cooper  
Conrad, a Dutch Jew..... Albert T. Riddle  
Dogberry (two city)..... John A. Ellsler  
Verger..... Chas. Plunkett  
Seacole..... Owen Ferree  
Batastake..... Homer Cope  
A Friar..... B. G. Rogers  
Beatrice, niece to Leonato..... Marie Wainwright  
Helo, daughter to Leonato..... Marie Wainwright  
Ursula, a gentlewoman at..... Grace Hall  
Margaret, a tending on Helo..... Marjorie Bonner  
Lords, Ladies, Messengers, Watch and Attendants.  
SCENE: Messina.

*Much Ado About Nothing* is the point and perfection of comedy. In no tongue on earth is it surpassed for keenness of wit and beauty of diction. Benedick is the prince of fellows, and Beatrice, the brightest of fair ladies; the sharp "encounters of their wit" are fought with lances tipped with diamonds and swords of sunbeams. Their word-fencing is the most admirable attack and defense, foil and counter-foil that ever was seen; and society owes many a quick repartee and terse remark to the example of these teachers of verbal thrust and parry. Types are very persistent, and that of Dogberry comes down to us wonderfully unchanged. His muddle-headed self-importance, his grandiloquent ignorance, and his stolid devotion to his own interests, can be paralleled on many a bench and in many a police-station. To be sure, the pike and lantern have given place to the loudest call and the gown and hood to the natty helmet and brass-bound liver of the modern "bobby," but as Napoleon used to say, "C'est le même homme que vous trouvez le Tartare dessiné par moi." "Scribble a policeman, and

you will discover a Dogberry." Sometimes—not always; but often.

#### FIFTH REPRESENTATION—THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 3.

**OTHELLO.**  
Duke of Venice..... H. A. Langdon  
Brabantio, a Senator, father to Desdemona..... R. G. Rogers  
Gratiano, brother to Brabantio..... Charles Rolfe  
Lodovico, kinsman to Brabantio..... Percy Winter  
Montano, Othello's predecessor in the Government of Cyprus..... H. C. Barton  
Othello, the Moor..... John McCullough  
Cassio, his Lieutenant..... John A. Lane  
Iago, his Ancient..... Lawrence Barrett  
Rodrigo, a Venetian gentleman..... Frank Little  
Julio..... F. Wilson  
Paulo..... Erroll Dunbar  
Marco..... Albert T. Riddle  
Antonio..... Mr. Finney  
A Messenger..... Homer Cope  
Desdemona, wife to Othello..... Mary Anderson  
Emilia, wife to Iago..... Clara Morris  
Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, etc., etc.  
SCENE: First Act in Venice; during the rest of the play at Fumagasta, a seaport in Cyprus.

Othello is, we imagine, the most powerful play ever acted. The Moorish complexion of its hero excuses an exaggeration of passion that in one of our calmer race would seem over-drawn and extravagant; but which, in a son of the desert, is natural and fit. The lower development of the Moor permits him to lash himself into fury as a tiger does, and the blind gullibility and easily moulded though fierce nature of the dusky descendant of Ham comes out quite naturally under his dark skin. Were Othello a white man he would be repulsive; as a colored man, he is the object of sympathy.

Iago is the impersonation of cold Caucasian subtlety and self-restraint; Othello, of but Morescan passion and incapacity of containment. The evil of the one is the slight but exquisitely tempered Spanish rapier that kills with scarce a scar; the other the flashing scimitar that hacks to pieces and slivers off the flesh.

#### SIXTH REPRESENTATION—FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 4.

**HAMLET.**  
Claudius, King of Denmark..... Edmund Collier  
Hamlet, son to the former and nephew to the present King..... James E. Murdoch  
Ghost of Hamlet's father..... John McCullough  
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain..... John A. Ellsler  
Laertes, son to Polonius and brother to Ophelia..... Louis James  
Horatio, friend to Hamlet..... Lawrence Barrett  
Rosencrantz..... Otis Skinner  
Guildenstern..... F. C. Mosley  
Orcic, a courtier..... F. Little  
Marcellus, an officer..... H. C. Barton  
Bernardo, an officer..... E. Wilson  
Francisco, a soldier..... C. W. Vance  
First Actor..... John A. Lane  
Second Actor..... Chas. Plunkett  
First Grave-digger..... N. C. Goodwin  
Second Grave-digger..... J. H. Shewell  
Priest..... Homer Cope  
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet..... Adelaide Ross  
Ophelia, daughter to Polonius..... Marie Wainwright  
Player Queen..... Mrs. C. Plunkett  
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers and other attendants.  
SCENE: Elsinore.

The immortal tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, which is one of the chief objects of illustration at the Dramatic Festival, is so metaphysical in its deep insight into the most hidden secrets of our nature that it has offered subject for discussion well nigh infinite. The complex character of the hero, showing, as it does, as many varying colors as the kaleidoscope, yet as symmetrical as a crystal, has puzzled philosophers, poets, actors and critics alike—nay, the mere question of his real or pretended madness has attracted the attention of learned physicians, who have gravely debated the question of his sanity as if it was a fit subject for a commission of lunacy. Hamlet's relations with Ophelia have been also studied with exhaustive care, and his thoughts and actions have done as much toward forming the minds of all civilized people and coloring our modern culture as any of the leaders in religion, politics, science or literature. It is not too much to assert that without the play of Hamlet we should never have reached our present pitch of thoughtful and cultured civilization. The ideas and maxims of advancing humanity have clustered round the melancholy Prince, even as they clustered round Plato, Pythagoras, Esculapius and Chrishna; and, like these incarnations of human thought and aspirations, have clothed themselves in the body of the flesh and influenced man through man himself.

The character of Polonius has also given occasion for much difference among commentators. His sententious wit and worldly-wise counsels smack so of the Oriental turn of mind that we were scarcely surprised at the information given to us by Mr. Salmi Morse—a ripe Hebrew scholar—to the effect that all the wise maxims of the crafty Chamberlain were to be found in an ancient Hebrew collection of moral essays entitled "Perek Abuth."

Ophelia is the ideal of girlhood and Laertes the model of a frank young man. And which of us is not acquainted with the Grave-digger? In fact, the play of Hamlet is a microcosm, a Claude Lorraine mirror in which we may all see ourselves in little and contemplate our own natures, be they good, bad or indifferent.

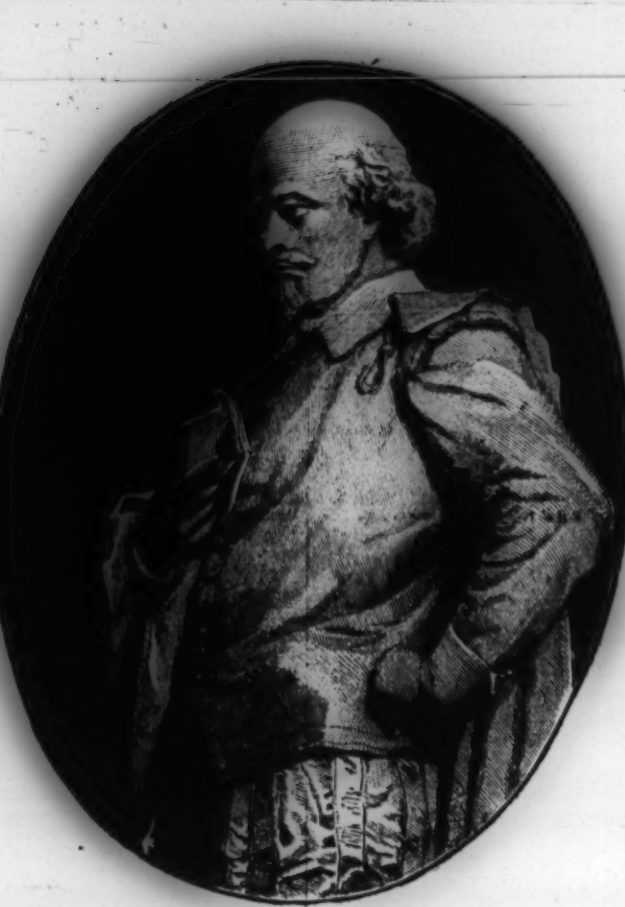
#### SEVENTH REPRESENTATION—SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 5.

**ROMEO AND JULIET.**  
Romeo, son to Montague..... Lawrence Barrett  
Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo..... John McCullough  
Paris, a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince..... F. Little  
Capulet, father to Juliet..... Chas. Rolfe  
Benvolio, cousin and friend to Romeo..... H. C. Barton  
Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet..... F. C. Mosley  
Friar Laurence, a Franciscan..... H. A. Langdon  
Tybalt, servant to Juliet's nurse..... J. H. Shewell  
Balthazar, servant to Romeo..... Albert T. Riddle  
An Apothecary..... Homer Cope  
Page to Paris..... Percy Winter  
Juliet, daughter to Capulet..... Mary Anderson  
Nurse to Juliet..... Mrs. A. Ponopoy  
Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet..... Adelaide Ross  
Citizens of Verona, several men and women relatives to both houses, Maskers, Guards, Watchmen and Attendants.  
SCENE: Verona, except once in the last act, when it is in Mantua. Time of action, five days.

Romeo and Juliet, the tenderest and pitifullest love-tale that ever was told, will hold the public ear and touch the heart of humanity till this round earth shall cease her circling course and be absorbed in her parent Sun. No sweeter maiden than Juliet can be conceived of poet's strain nor mother's womb; no truer heart than Romeo ever lost itself for love, and no purer poetry ever chimed in "linked sweetness" than the words in which the tale is told. It is a tale of love under more fervid skies than those under which it was written; and is, therefore, more easily sympathized with in our land where the sun shines more brightly than in misty A-bing; but all this world over love is loved, and the world over the pitifulty of these lovers of Verona is the type of love real in the shadow of the tomb.

Eighteenth representation, Saturday evening, May 5—Othello repeated.





William Shakespeare.

Until 1564 the 23d of April was a day celebrated by every good and loyal British subject with religious ardor, for it was St. George's Day, and St. George is England's patron saint. But on that day in the year above-mentioned an event occurred of such immeasurable importance that ever since the dragon-slaying saint has enjoyed but a scant portion of the agreeable and popular adulation which previously he had looked for with tolerable certainty on his anniversary. That event was the birth of a little babe which came to gladden the home of a sturdy yeoman. No prophet predicted the child's advent; no wise men sought it with presents of frankincense and myrrh; but over the humble cot wherein it peacefully slept, a star shone out with scarcely less brilliance than that which glorified Bethlehem. Its light was reflected on the surface of "the sweet flowing Avon," which murmured a soft lullaby. John Shakespeare looked into the face of William, his little son, with eyes of gladness and love. He did not know that unto the world a being had been given whose name—like that of the Innocent of Judea—would pass down a limitless vista of centuries robed in the effulgence of an immortal fame.

John and Mary Shakespeare were good, honest people of the middle class. At Stratford, where they lived, they were held in high esteem by their neighbors, and John, shortly after his first son William's arrival, was made an Alderman in his town. He held other responsible offices of trust and honor during his life, the duties of which he discharged with credit. He was an excellent man and an exemplary father. His wife's maiden name was Arden. She came of a family not higher in rank than his own. To the well-saved possessions of her spouse she had brought a small parcel of land. During the latter half of the year 1564 the terrible plague which devastated London and other parts of the island spread into Stratford, where it raged six months. The Shakespeares escaped unscathed. Two years later another son came into honest John's domestic circle. He was called Gilbert, and William was borne in his mother's arms to see the new-comer baptized in the village church. During the succeeding three years nothing marked the smooth current of life in the family except that the father received a higher honor from his townsmen in being elected Bailiff of Stratford, and the mother was delivered of another child, this one being of her own sex. It was named Joan. When William was five years old he was taken for the first time to witness a theatrical performance given by a party of strollers called "The Queen's Players," from the fact of their having acted for the amusement of her Gracious Majesty Elizabeth. John Shakespeare's means grew larger with each year, and his family underwent almost as fruitful an increase. Two more children—Anne and Richard—made their appearance in rapid succession.

William, at the age of eight, attended the Stratford grammar school, where his thirst for knowledge, his marvelous capacity for study and his rapid progress no doubt astonished the simple preceptors who were accustomed to deal with the pudding-headed urchins abounding in the community, and with whom the birch was a constant companion. Sports of the field, plenty of exercise and the bounty of his father developed his physical being while the seeds of learning were sowed in the intellect to whose fertility we are indebted for the grandest contributions to the literature of the world.

The record of events in the Shakespeare family for several years after this are exceedingly meagre. It is only known that the father's property diminished as rapidly as it had accumulated. His lands and those of his wife were sold or mortgaged, and the strictest economy characterized the conduct of their household affairs. Death visited them for the first time, taking away Anne. When William was fifteen years old, and during the decline in the fortunes of his family, it is probable that he was engaged in studies pursued. Whether he wore the scholar's gown at Oxford or Cambridge, or delved in the law at one of the Inns of Court, there is no means of positively knowing. The understanding which he had of law and the frequency with which he betrays a classical education, as shown by his plays, lead one to the supposition that he was at the age mentioned, and for a period of three years thereafter, occupied as suggested. The poverty of John Shakespeare does not stand in the light of this theory. William

could have attended college and the school of law in the capacity of servitor, as is done to this day. It is easy to believe that while yet a collegian he wrote his poem, "Venus and Adonis," and some others of his cruder efforts.

When he reached his eighteenth year he became enamored of Anne Hathaway. She is said to have been very beautiful. Her beauty was of that ripe sort so enticing to youths of inexperience. Anne was seven years his senior; but the disparity was not taken into account at all by the hot-blooded swain. It is possible that prudence was not the chief consideration of their courtship, as Anne's father, Richard, to insure the performance of the marriage ceremony, caused young Shakespeare to sign a document before the wedding, binding himself to perform his part of the contract at the appointed time. It must not be forgotten, in extenuation of the lady's conduct, that a looser virtue prevailed then (openly) at present, and if the young people did err, they wiped out the sin—according to the notion of the time—by entering the bonds of wedlock. At all events, the comely Anne made a good, faithful and loving wife, whose ready sympathy, even temper and patient disposition exerted a large influence over her William's life and writings.

When Shakespeare had been a husband four years, during which his family had multiplied to five, he found his small income entirely inadequate to provide for their wants, and decided to go to London. In making this departure he was evidently encouraged by the actors of several vagrant theatrical companies who had played in Stratford, and whose companionship the young man, finding it congenial, had sought. Perhaps he had already written some plays and read them to the strollers. Perhaps they advised him to resort to the great city where there were chances to try these in the royally licensed theatres then in the enjoyment of considerable popularity. He therefore proceeded to London, full of the ambition and hope of a man of two-and-twenty. On his arrival he met his first disappointment. He was told that his plays were crude and ill-adapted for stage representation, and that until he had altered them suitably and qualified himself for the duties of an actor as well, he would not be able to gain a foothold. Taking this matter sensibly, Shakespeare instantly set about the work of revising his plays, writing new ones and preparing himself for the histrionic profession. This work consumed two years, at the end of which time he became one of the sixteen sharers in the Blackfriars Theatre, an establishment where the company received, in return for their artistic labors, a percentage of what was left after expenses were deducted. Shakespeare worked hard and rapidly rose in fame as a dramatist. Spenser took up the claims of the youthful playwright and sang his praises in a poem called "The Tears of the Muses." The attention of royalty was drawn to him, and he basked in the favor of the Queen and her noblest subjects. Among actors and lords he was alike a favorite. But it is not to be supposed that so young and gifted a writer could escape the enmity of less favored rivals. Shakespeare was made the subject of abuse in several satiric screeds from the pens of clever writers, but his wit and worth were so incomparably superior to those of his detractors, that their attacks were not only harmless, but actually productive of good in that they served to emphasize his fast spreading fame as a poet and playwright.

In 1592 the plague raged in London. All business was suspended; the inhabitants in their panic had no stomach for amusements and all the theatres closed their doors. It is likely Shakespeare removed his family from the city to Stratford to avoid the pestilence, and with the profits of his two seasons at the Blackfriars betook himself to Italy, where he stored away material that came of good use in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Shylock*, *Othello* and other pieces which are located in the sunny South of Europe. On his return one of Shakespeare's townspeople, named Richard Field, in London printed the first edition of "Venus and Adonis," under the personal supervision of the author. The poem was followed a year later by "Lucrece," issued from Field's press. Meantime Richard Burbadge, a friend and fellow-actor of Shakespeare, organized a scheme to build a new theatre better adapted to the requirements of the public than the Blackfriars. The new house was finished in 1595 and opened with the name of Globe attached. Shakespeare did not immediately associate himself with the new enterprise. He remained at the old theatre acting and writing plays. Among the pieces which he had successfully produced up to this time were *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Merchant of Venice*, *The Two Gentlemen of Ve-*

rona, *Love's Labor's Lost*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Hamlet*, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *King John*, *Henry V.*, *As You Like It*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry VI.*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Ben Jonson, who after Shakespeare's death wrote ungenerously of him, was indebted to him during the year 1593 for the production of his comedy, *Every Man in His Humor*, at the Blackfriars.

Just after the beginning the Seventeenth century John Shakespeare, the poet's well-beloved father died. He had not succeeded in retrieving his fallen fortunes; but he had lived to see his eldest son a famous dramatist whose plays were the talk of London town, and by the affectionate assistance of William he had been kept above want. The year following this sad event Shakespeare and a company of players (among whom was Richard Burbadge, the builder of the Globe) received a royal patent from King James to perform at the Globe Theatre. During this arrangement, which lasted three years, he produced *Troilus and Cressida*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Measure for Measure*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Macbeth* and *Henry VIII.*, and he also appeared as Adam in *As You Like It*, the Ghost in *Hamlet* and many other parts, Burbadge playing the leading rôles. Most of his pieces had been issued in book form before this. In 1604 Shakespeare retired from the Globe company and from the stage. On his retirement the theatre, which had previously been prosperous, entered upon a career of misfortune, finally ending in its total destruction from fire in June, 1614. After leaving the stage the great writer settled down to live in a house he had bought adjacent to the Blackfriars, where he could compose his plays at leisure, and enjoy the society of the actors, for which he always had an especial predilection. While visiting in Stratford his wife Anne died there in the house of her son. Her demise was hastened, no doubt, by the loss of another son—Edmund—the year previous. While residing in London Shakespeare finished and gave to the public *Pericles*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *A Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon of Athens*, *Julius Caesar* and *Cymbeline*. These plays were written within a space of nine years.

Having tired of active labor, Shakespeare, at the age of forty-eight, quitted London, and took up a permanent residence in his house at Stratford. Here he enjoyed the delight of rural life to the utmost. Occasionally, it is believed, Ben Jonson and other town wits who loved his society, came down to spend a day with him in friendly discourse, and returned with tremendous ideas of the swinish form of bibulous hospitality which obtained in those days.

After a brief illness—of what nature we have no account—Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616, the fifty-second anniversary of his birth. He was "not for an age, but for all time," and although the spirit had left its clay Shakespeare ceased not to live.

### Representative Shakespearean Actors.

In making a trip on board a steamship in fine weather, it used to be a common thing for the stewards to seat themselves in a semi-circle on the quarter-deck, and, with banjo, guitar, accordion, bones and voice, give a minstrel show for the delectation of the passengers. Such and no other wise was the origin of companies of actors in England. The servants of an inn used to give shows in the courtyards of the hostleries in which they worked, the galleries and lobbies surrounding the court serving for an auditorium, the end of the yard next the offices being used as a stage, while the further part did duty as pit, or parquette. Afterward, the "livery" of a nobleman, consisting of his house-servants, running footmen, grooms, etc., imitated the example of their less aristocratic brethren of the tavern, and gave entertainments for the amusement of their lords and masters, going by the names of their employers, as "My Lord Leicester's servants," etc.

The lay brethren and servitors of religious houses took up the trade, on the principle, probably, that "it was a pity to let the Devil have all the good springs," as John Wesley said when he stole the ballads to make hymns of them, even as Brother Sankey does now. There were no play-houses, as we understand them—that is, regular places fitted up and appropriated to the purpose of acting plays—before the Elizabethan era; and it is wonderful to think that the greatest of the world's dramatists, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, should have, on the spur, rushed the art to a pitch of perfection that no other writer has ever reached. Of course, these servants, having once tasted of the sweets of popular applause, were loth to go back to dishwashing, and so, by degrees, came banded troops of actors, who chose rather to risk the chances of defeat or success on an independent footing than to fill their bellies and starve their brains as well-fed lackies.

When regular play-houses were established the buildings were still distinguished by signs and appellations like to those used by public taverns, and this, by the natural and necessary process of evolution, which obtains in things theatrical as in things cosmoical, such as *The Bell Savage*, *The Curtain*, *The Red Bull*, *The Swan*, and many others. Contrary to received opinion, we assert that there was some attempt at scenery made on these primitive stages, probably about as much as one can see in a Chinese theatre, where a screen does duty for a walled city and a kitchen-table for a fortress. In fact, we have the written receipts for money paid out for castles and arbors of painted canvas and painted cloths for the players' houses. Our tragedy green-haize is a survival of the old rush-strew stage.

Beyond all question, the star of the Shakespearean stage was RICHARD BURBADGE. This actor came of a good old family in Warwickshire. His father, James Burbadge, was also an actor, and the first regularly-licensed manager. He and his comrades were called "Lord Leicester's servants," and had a royal license granted them to represent plays in the City of London and its liberties, and in all other towns and cities throughout England. RICHARD BURBADGE began his professional life at an early age, having enacted female parts, at that period always entrusted to boys. He lived in Holywell street, Shoreditch, and was "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" to the

gay gallants of the day, even as our handsome young actors are wont to be now. He was the original Hamlet, Romeo, Othello, Richard III.; in fact, he created what is now known as the Shakespearean Repertory, to play the round of which is the criterion of a "legitimate tragedian." We know that he was a little man, for a contemporary poet says:

Thy stature small, but every thought and mood  
Might thoroughly from thy face be understood.

And we know that he was a great actor, for FLECKNOE, a writer of the time, tells us that "He was a delightful Proteus, so wholly transforming himself into his part and putting off himself with his clothes, as he never, not so much as in the tiringhouse, assumed himself." And that is all we know about England's great Roscius, DICK BURBADGE. So transient is the actor's fame, so ephemeral the memory of his achievements. It

Comes with a breath, and with a breath is gone.

The original of our line of Shakespearean comedians begins with WILL TARLETON, who was also one of "My Lord Leicester's servants." He was a humorist more than a comedian, however, and it was against his "gagging" that Shakespeare wrote his lines respecting "clowns" in his well-known advice to the players: "And let those who play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." We are sorry to confess that wild WILL TARLETON's errors are no less rife in our day than they were in those of SHAKESPEARE, and that Hamlet's advice is, as most other advice, neglected. TARLETON died of dissipation, and in his latter days was as cross and cantankerous as cracked comedians are apt to be. He was succeeded by WILL KEMPT, who was really a legitimate comedian, and the original of Dogberry, Touchstone, Launcelot Gobbo, First Gravedigger, Peter, Launce, Justice Shallow and others, the like of which parts no one but SHAKESPEARE has ever created.

Among the best-remembered of the actors of SHAKESPEARE'S time was EDWARD ALLEYN, the founder of Dulwich College. ALLEYN was never one of the players concerned in SHAKESPEARE'S actual plays; but he was one of the most noted actors of the day. He built the Fortune Theatre in 1599, and founded Dulwich College for the support of six poor men and women and twelve children. The college was intended by its founder to be confined to members of his own profession; but alas for human vanity! these very pauper actors refused to admit to the benefit of the charity an old door-keeper of the theatre, and ALLEYN, in well-merited disgust, changed the conditions of his bequest, and opened it to the poor in general. The income left by ALLEYN to this charity was £600 a year; it is now over £17,000; and, by natural course of evolution, has completely changed its purpose, and is now, like all other institutions of the kind, merely a means of making fat sinecures for rich men.

Actors must have been "solid men" in those days, for we read of them as living each one in his own hired house, as St. Paul did in Rome, and left, oftentimes, rich legacies behind them.

The next era is that of DAVID GARRICK. This great actor caused one of those revolutions that mark the progress of all things in this mundane sphere. He brought a more living manner on the stage, and made some advance in costuming, although even he used to play Macbeth in the uniform of the Guards, with a bag wig and ruffles. In all times there have been representative actors who have given the tone to the period. GARRICK was one of these. Up to his time each leading actor was prone to imitate the manner of BURBADGE, gradually, of course, becoming more and more tame, as each imitator receded from the great original. GARRICK infused new life into the character; but, strangely enough, however, his *Othello* was a failure, and SPRANGER BARRY took the town by his personal comeliness, which not even the black make-up could destroy. BARRY and GARRICK ran neck and neck in *Romeo*, and six years afterward in *Lear*. They were the KEMBLE and KEAN, the FORREST and AUGUSTUS ADAMS of the day.

The next representative actor was EDMUND KEAN. With him came an era of natural acting, still more developed than the manner of GARRICK. GARRICK'S style had been filtered through a variety of imitators, till it had faded into the colorless mechanical style common to second-rate actors of every age, and it needed a man of individual energy and personal magnetism to infuse new life into the dying body of the drama. This man was found in EDMUND KEAN. His nervous temperament, his wonderful eyes, his lithe, agile figure, and his exquisitely beautiful voice set him on the very apex of fame from the moment when, a shivering aspirant, he first stepped upon the Metropolitan stage at Drury Lane Theatre as Shylock. At the time of the KEAN revival JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE was the representative of the conservative school of acting. A grand man with a grand manner, he declaimed through a part with all the dignity and sonority that used to be considered the acme of perfection. KEMBLE was the idol of the old fogies of that time; KEAN was the god of the young England of the period.

KEAN'S most successful rival at first was JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH, father of our representative American actor, EDWIN BOOTH. His style was also of that fiery natural kind that depends more on native impulse than laborious study, but yet has a firm foundation of experience. BOOTH, however, grew quickly tired of the contest, and betook himself to our hospitable shores. He thus belongs more distinctly to American actors.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE was another who strove against the KEAN boom in England, but subsequently joined our ranks on the other side of the Atlantic Ferry—which was no ferry in those days of sailing packets, but a long and tiresome voyage. CHARLES YOUNG alone remained after KEMBLE to dispute the palm with KEAN, and he did so, successfully, with the same class of people that patronized KEMBLE—the conservative in art. YOUNG'S excellent personal character stood him in good stead, and more than supplied by lack of the celestial fire that might otherwise have marred his career. YOUNG was an eminently respectable man and a good citizen, while KEAN—well, the less we have to say about him in private the better. He was the leader in a great reformation. Just what Martin Luther was to Religion, Darwin to Anthropology, Newton to Mathematics, Wagner to Music, KEAN was to the Drama. Let him be judged by his works, not by his failings. "Judge every man after his deserts, and who shall scape whipping?"

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE bore a strong resemblance to EDMUND KEAN, both in his style of acting and his habits off the stage, and we regret to say, on the stage sometimes. Both were men of genius, and both were men of means delirious, vinous excitement. He was kidnapped by COOPER, the American tragedian and manager, while intoxicated, and was the first really great English actor who crossed the Atlantic. So utterly improbable did it seem that this light of the London stage would ever shine on New York; that betting was heavy against his appearance; but he did appear, arriving in November, 1810. PRIEST, the American manager, was so surprised to see him, that he shut the door in his face, and told the servants to tell him that he had come to the wrong house. COOKE first appeared in New York on Nov. 21, 1810, as Richard. He had a brilliant career in this country; but his excesses undermined his constitution, and he died in September, 1812. Dr. Francis, who was the favorite theatrical doctor of the day, took possession of COOKE'S head after the post-mortem examination, which was held "to find out why he died," and by a most strange coincidence it came to pass that Hamlet being on the bills of the Park Theatre, and the property man having forgotten to have a skull ready for Hamlet to moralize over, sent, on the spur of the moment, to Dr. Francis for the loan of one, and the Doctor unwillingly handed him that of GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, the greatest Hamlet of his day. "To what base uses may we come at last!" EDMUND KEAN, on his first visit to New York, went to see the grave of his rival, which is in St. Paul's churchyard. Finding it had no memorial stone, he had one put up at his expense, and, in the moving of the body, abstracted one of the toe bones, which he took back with him to London, and to the day of his own death esteemed it his choicest relic. Mrs. KEAN, however, did not share his enthusiastic veneration, and one night threw it "over the garden wall." KEAN came home drunk, as usual, missed his fetish, and exclaimed tragically: "Mary, your son has lost a fortune. He was worth ten thousand pounds. Now he is a beggar."

MACREADY may be counted as one of the representative actors, inasmuch that he did all that in him lay to excel in his own way, and certainly was not a mere servile imitator of others. He was scholarly, careful and conscientious in all he did; but Nature had denied the gift of genius, so that his scholarship was clogged by pedantry, his carefulness degenerated into fidgeting, and his conscientiousness contracted to intolerance. MACREADY was an excellent manager, a good actor, and nothing more.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH was another KEAN. Early worsted in the strife for fame and fortune by KEAN'S successful rivalry, BOOTH chose America as the scene of his future efforts. With us, he leaped almost at a bound into the foremost place, and kept such a firm hold on the American public that not all his eccentricities, which were numerous, nor even at the last his failing powers, could oust him from the pinnacle on which he stood as "the American Garrick."

FORREST was a diamond in the rough, an unfinished statue, a dramatic cartoon; but an undoubted original. The style of EDWIN FORREST may have been, indeed was, rough, almost brutal; but, as Rochester says, it was his own. Although he had seen BOOTH act, he followed his manner not a whit; familiar with the declamatory, KEMBLE-like style of HAMBLIN, he yet imitated him not at all—his big, robustous acting came all from his own big, robustous brain, and suited the time in which he lived and the country in which he dwelt. Were another FORREST to come among us, how he would be stared at as "bad form" and condemned as vulgar. In FORREST'S days the "gods" had not deserted their high Olympian seats in the third sphere, or tier, to joll on the parquet of variety theatres, for variety theatres were then unknown; and their applause was the goal at which actors aimed; to be applauded by the "horny-handed sons of toil," was the crown of an actor's ambition; everyone played to the gallery, simply because the gallery was the easiest moved and the noisiest when moved. Like all representative actors, FORREST was the universal butt of imitators. Every "heavy," "leading," "aye, even utility man, in the wide United States grew in the true bottom of their stomach, stood in the true "b-boy" fashion of protruded knee, expanded chest and drawn-back chin because—FORREST did it. The theatrical landscape was for forests, and little woods that aspired to grow to forests, as little acorns hope to grow to tall oaks. His personal magnetism was wonderful. No man ever influenced masses of people more than FORREST, as witness that disgraceful episode, the Astor Place riots, in which the personal popularity of the man overpowered all notions of fair play, hospitality or national courtesy, and turned our usually good-humored and well-meaning citizens into raging wild beasts, thirsting for the blood of an innocent man merely because he was displeasing to their idol. MACREADY was nearly murdered and quite elevated into the noble army of martyrs because Mr. FORREST did not like him personally. We are glad to add, for the honor of our advancing civilization, that no actor on the stage could possibly raise such a hullabaloo in our present more decently ordered state of society.

EDWIN BOOTH comes eminently under our heading of Representative Actors in America. He combines the dignity and fire of Garrick. KEAN and the elder Booth with the cultured declamation and statuesque posing of KEMBLE. Young and Hamblin. A ripe scholar and a poetic artist, his acting, even when it fails to stimulate, always satisfies; and though the critical spectator may sometimes cavil at a reading or at new business, yet the just judge will always find a reason for it. EDWIN BOOTH never speaks a line nor makes a gesture without intention. He is, above all, an actor of the day, not of tradition; his style is his own, founded upon the canons of the art, to be sure, but fashioned by his own brain. The spirit of the present era tends toward the social elevation of actors, especially in this country, and EDWIN BOOTH is a capital example of the loose-gentleman, as distinguished from the loose-living actor-bohemian. BOOTH'S friends are among those whom "the King delighteth to honor," and he is the leading man of the advance guard that would bring the stage up to the level of the other liberal professions.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON is another of our representative actor-comedians of the English-speaking stage. His predecessors, Wright, Reeve, Hurton, etc., were all merely developments, more or less altered, of the clown of old drama; but JEFFERSON began a new school of intellectual comedy. His *Rip Van Winkle* is as standard a specimen of the comic art as the *Venus de Medicis* or the *Ereos Symphon*. It is a perfect composition, perfectly



carried out, without exaggeration, without mienish. His Bob Acres is as excellent in its way as is the Othello of Salvini; that is to say, it is, for the time, Bob Acres in bodily presence on the stage, and not his eidolon, or counterfeit presentation.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH, the pupil and successor of Forrest, yet offers so many points of individuality that we may class him as a representative man in a particular line of art. His noble face and figure give him such a pre-eminence in Roman characters that we may designate him as the representative of classical tragedy at the present time. He also is markedly an actor-gentleman, whose private life and social esteem stamp him as one of those men whose talent and conduct have made for them a place in society as well as a niche in the temple of fame. The same may be said of his friendly rival and former associate, LAWRENCE BARRETT, who, in certain parts, such as Cassius, has no equal.

There are many other men of undoubted genius whom we might well have quoted if we had not been restrained by space and the intention of our essay, which is to pick out, to the best of our poor judgment, those who, we think, have turned in a measure the tide of dramatic progress and impressed their own individuality on the art. Those who followed in their wake, although perhaps equal, nay, even superior, as exponents, have no claim to the title of "makers"—they are the professors, not the founders, of a school. There have been many and great mathematicians since Newton; but he wrote the "Principia," he discovered the law of gravity, and he is immortal. So there have been many actors eminent in their art; but Garrick discovered Nature, and he is immortal.

### Representative Shakespearean Actresses.

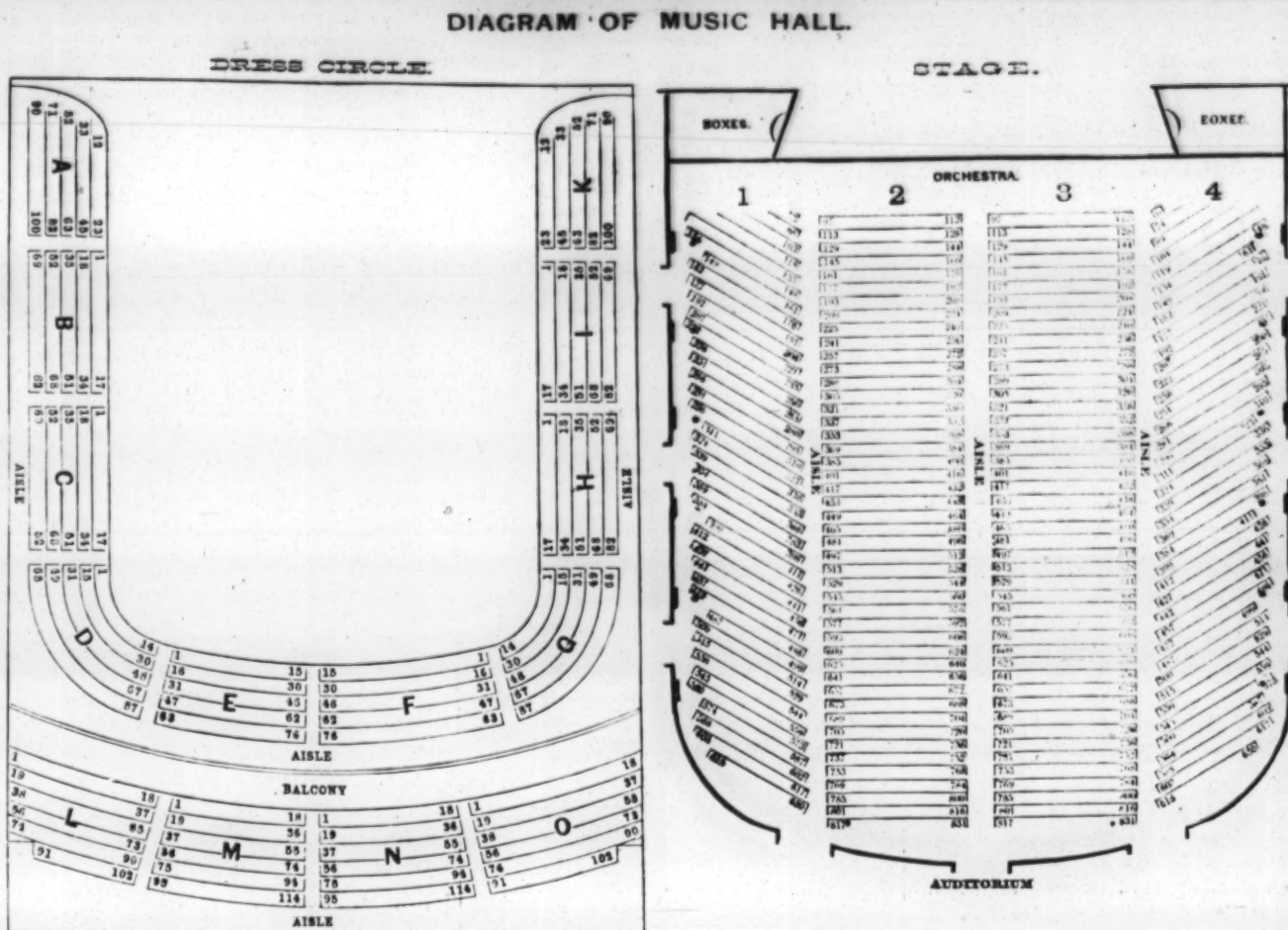
In the time of SHAKESPEARE, female characters were represented by boys, who were regularly apprenticed to the great actors of the day and taught their trade as other apprentices were. At what precise period women began to take the place of boys in female parts, we are not exactly informed; but inasmuch as RICHARD BURBIDGE, the original of most of the Shakespearean heroes, died in 1618, and in 1682 we find a roster of the Duke's company of players from the Dorset Gardens, amalgamating with the King's company at Drury Lane, and that in that roster the names of Mrs. BETTERTON, Mrs. BARRY, Mrs. MONTFORT and Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE are registered, we must conclude that very shortly after the time of SHAKESPEARE women's rights began to assert themselves on the stage.

We know little, however, of the professional lives of these pioneer women, save that they all acted in the same stilted declamatory manner; that they quarreled and reviled each other even as modern actresses are sometimes wont to do, only in a more outspoken and coarse style, because of the period they lived in, when a spade was mostly called a spade, and not a silver spoon; and that they had received the traditions of the boy actresses of the olden time almost intact. Woman's reign in the drama may be said to have commenced with the Restoration; and among the first whose names have come down to us, gilded with the gold of fame, is Mrs. CIBBER, born Susanna Maria Arne, and sister of the celebrated music composer, Dr. Arne, whose fine bacchanalian song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," has become famous to all the world as our own "Star-Spangled Banner"—Francis S. Key's admirable and spirit-stirring words having been adapted to Arne's melody by Ferdinand Duran, during the War of 1812. Mrs. CIBBER was a charmingly natural actress; but her chief success was in Ophelia, which she seems to have played as no one ever played it before or since. Juliet was also one of her great parts. She died in 1766, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, whose cloisters seem to have been then opened more liberally to the illustrious dead than of late. GARRICK, on hearing of her death, exclaimed, "Then tragedy dies with her!"

MARGARET WOFFINGTON, or "Peg," as she was familiarly called, was in the strictest sense of the term a "representative actress," inasmuch as our modern English comedy may be said to date from her. Her father was an Irish bricklayer. She was a child of the streets, like Rachel. She used to cry vegetables in the streets of Dublin, barefoot, and she became the first actress of her time. With her originated the style of unaffected natural acting, which was afterward carried out by Miss O'NEIL, Miss TREE, and the long list of eminent comediennees that have illustrated the stage. In her prosperity she did not forget her mother, but carried her with her in a velvet cloak, agate snuff box and diamond ring, the first of the regular army of actresses' mothers that have held their own up to the present day.

MISS BELLAMY, popularly known as "George Ann Bellamy," was the representative of the "fast" women of the stage. Her life was one romance of abduction and escape, and her end was as the end of all such. We could point out her successes at the present day; but there is nothing gained by such personalities. Let artists be judged by the merits of artists, not as women. Their temptations are many and their faults not a few. Let them be buried with their bones!

SARAH SHIDONS, the true representative of the female empire of the drama, demands more respectful consideration. Whether as artist or as woman, her excellence marks her out as an example of what a true woman and a true artist ought to be. A sister of John Philip Kemble, she partook not only of the dramatic instincts of the family, but also of the personal dignity that always kept the members of that family in the ranks of respectability. Mrs. SHIDONS had the usual struggles that block the young actress' career, when the young actress despises the adventitious aid of rich men who are willing to help a girl "for a consideration." She had to encounter and conquer the vested interests of old actresses firmly fixed in their seats and sternly jealous of all "young chins" who aspired to their well-worn honors and emoluments. She had to face the hostility of the press, influenced by opposing interests; but great as the task was, she was equal to it, and her name lives in history as the bright example of all who aim at true dramatic fame. SARAH SHIDONS is a name that will go



PARQUET.—The building faces Elm Street. The parquet is entered from a large lobby and through two approaches on either side. The seats are divided into four large blocks, and are numbered back from the stage.

DRESS CIRCLE AND BALCONY.—The dress circle is reached by stairways leading from the North and South ends of the lobby. A corridor runs around this part of the house. The balcony is above the dress circle, from which it is reached by two stairways, one at either end.

down to posterity as the greatest of artists and the purest of women.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN may be cited as pre-eminently the representative American actress. Born in Boston in November, 1814, she commenced her public life as a singer; but losing her splendid contralto through forcing it up to a soprano in the vain hope of being a prima donna assoluta, she was obliged to give up music. Her next appearance was as Lady Macbeth at the Bowery Theatre, New York, in 1836. From that time forth her career was one of splendid success, both in this country and in England. Her face could not be said to be her fortune, for she bore a most remarkable likeness to MACREADY, whom even his best friends could not call handsome; but the intellect that brightened each homely feature showed a soul that could bend others to its will and magnetism that could sway a multitude as the wind sways a reed or a leaf. Miss CUSHMAN was a thoroughly original actress. Her style was all her own, and though she had studied well and deeply, she never descended to imitation. In fact, the stage may be said to have lost its representative actress when CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN ceased her earthly labors.

This brings us down to our own times, in which are many very charming actresses. The greatest, alas! has but lately left us, and her place is not yet filled. LILIAN ADELARDE NEILSON, the child of poverty; sprung from the gutter, and never quite able to shake off the mud that clung to her, but showing glimpses of the glorious genius within; a great creature, but a foolish one; capable of the noblest actions and of the wildest follies; but always a beautiful woman, a splendid actress and a generous friend—her place is vacant still; her mantle yet lies on the stage. Who shall pick it up and wear it worthily?

### The Costumes.

The largest New York costuming house has prepared all the costumes (except for the principals) and properties for the Festival. The models for these costumes and all the properties are made from the originals in the British Museum and in the Louvre at Paris, and are the finest ever put on a stage. There will be 1,600 dresses in all, divided into 500 for Julius Caesar, 200 for Much Ado About Nothing, 200 for Romeo and Juliet, 300 for Othello, 200 for The Hunchback, and 300 for Hamlet. In Julius Caesar there are 40 dresses for senators, 200 for soldiers, 32 for lictors, 100 for citizens, 40 for women, 20 for children, besides about 70 for virgins, axe-bearers, goat-boys and tribunes. The cost of the dresses and properties is just \$25,000.

### Modjeska on Rosalind.

Madame Modjeska, who was seen as Rosalind at the Fifth Avenue Theatre during last week, was asked by a MIRROR reporter what she thought of that character.

"You may search the whole range of the drama and you will not find a finer conception," said she. "It is Shakespeare's most beautiful creation. Actresses say that they have difficulty in playing it. This ought not to be; the character is a very simple one, and Shakespeare has made the various shades of feeling very plain. Of course, when presenting it upon the stage, an actress can show a great deal of variety. Rosalind was simply a perfect woman; that is, I think, the way that Shakespeare has drawn her. She is wise; she is clever; she is full of animal spirits; but yet she is never hoydenish. A nice discrimination is required just here. Some of the critics complain that I am not boisterous enough in the character. I do not believe that Shakespeare intended her to be boisterous. To Rosalind everything comes by inspiration. She is full of inspiration. Of course, it is plain to everyone that the character is an ideal one, and hence every actress who essays the part must draw her own ideal. To play Rosalind properly there must be a great amount of animation; but the line must be drawn carefully between animation and boisterousness. But there is another point to be observed. One must not go to the other extreme and make the character too quiet. To

make it dull in the least degree would ruin it. I think that Shakespeare meant Rosalind to be subtle. She has studied human nature deeply. This causes her to be clever. You can see this in the speech she makes relative to men being May when they woo, December when they win. And, withal, Rosalind is modest. This is effectively shown in her scenes with Celia. Again, she is proud, yet not a bit haughty. Her pride is well-balanced. If you notice, she gives way when Celia speaks, thus showing that she knows her place. I have given you at random my views of the character, and having these views, I seek to portray the part of Rosalind in harmony with them."

### A Permanent Institution.

It is already contemplated by the Directors to make the Dramatic Festival a permanent institution, giving annual or biennial performances, as may be deemed most advisable. In this undertaking the citizens of Cincinnati would largely profit, as a periodical boom would be given to local business affairs. Commercial buyers and retail shoppers from out-of-town would embrace the opportunity of attending the performances and making their purchases at the same time. The project, it seems to us, cannot fail of complete success if it be carried out on the same magnificent scale as the occasion we are celebrating.

From a theatrical standpoint, the regular recurrence of the Festival would place the Queen City easily at the head of every other town in the country. The privilege of enjoying the greatest plays, acted by the most famous actors and staged with the strictest regard to accuracy, is one which cannot be overestimated. Indeed, no series of productions, so perfect in ensemble, have ever taken place, and we do not except the representations given abroad by the celebrated Saxe-Meiningen troupe. Indeed, aside from the lavish expenditure upon scenery, dresses and properties, the concentration of the most renowned actors in their several lines which this generation has developed in one troupe is sufficient to insure dramatic triumphs.

Should the permanent plan be carried through—as indeed there is no reason why it should not—the whole list of Shakespeare's plays, including those not usually acted, could be represented in rotation. This would attract thousands of lovers of the Shakespearean drama from the most distant points. We are happy to say that indications of a fulfillment of the scheme are at present abundant.

### Cries from Below.

For a good, determined old pump of a Pauline with whom no Claude would play tricks, commend me to Mrs. Waller. I struck her up in Troy, some few years ago, doing The Hunchback and The Lady of Lyons. She took it out of Julia with a fierceness that boded no good to Clifford when she said, "I vow I'm twenty." The truth-loving editor of the Budget groaned. And when she cried, "Clifford, why don't you speak to me?" a boy upstairs sung out, "Because he's paralyzed!" You know how one gets fascinated by the terrible, and I went next night to see Pauline, and I never shall forget it. She was as frigid as the North Pole. I could have gone skating all round her. She chilled our young blood; but she had deeper depths of horror, and behold! the third night I took in the Duchess of Malfi—and here occurred an accident that I must tell you.

You remember that cheerful dramatized nightmare, the Duchess? In the last act, murder, arson, treachery and treason have done their bloody work—clean duff—she weeps and wails, she shrieks with demoniac laughter, she sees things—she crouches, she prowls, she cavitates about the stage apostrophizing air-drawn children and deceased grandparents, while all the time from under the stage came the faint wails of the terrified companions in madness. To accomplish the "cries outside" properly, the spare members of the company sat in the green-room, jolly as sand-boys; the prompter bore a huge box by his desk and dropped a string down to the green-room through

it; old Daddy Herbert, underneath, sat on a high stool, with the tape in his hand. When a howl was needed, Pop Stegle, prompter, pulled his string, and the company below stopped conversation and emitted heart-broken cries of various natures. This was great fun, and for the last act I went round behind to lend a merry little howl to the band.

It happened on this particular night that after one series of groans, when the action of the play demanded a rest, Lane, the property man, caught a cracking big rat, and all the company, including Daddy Herbert, forsook the green-room to look at it. I was poring over a book of the play, when I saw the tape string wiggling like mad in a wild search for the walls of the demetion. Now, I have lungs of immense capacity; but I long for innovations; so instead of raising my dulcet voice in a double-barrelled yell, I grabbed one of those twisted brass instruments, called a trombone, that a member of the company had left behind when he joined the rat-hunt. I bent her energy to the getting out of it all the wickedness that lays in a trombone. My senses, what a row! Prolonged toots, like an express coming round a curve; young shrieks that, full-grown, would have crowded ear infirmaries; a variety of notes that only a steam calliope could rival. "In love and pleased with ruin," fascinated by the dread instrument, still blew I on. What mattered if the string long since had ceased to vibrate? What mattered if Mrs. Waller was at white-heat up stairs and the audience in roars of laughter? I was playing the trombone to the Queen's taste, and until David Waller, Harry Hotto and Maurice Pike wrested the instrument from my grasp, I just warmed up the Duchess of Malfi and made things very funny for everybody—but myself. I caught it. M. H. F.

### The Giddy-Gusher

ON BOOTH'S THEATRE.

I sat the other night under the handsome dome of Booth's, and when Salvini was not upon the stage, fell to dreaming of all that had been done in the place and that which would come after. Some of the most notable Dudes about town are counter-jumpers. A remarkable youth, who distressed me one night at the Standard by using a powder-puff held in his pocket-handkerchief when the lights were turned down, and who has troubled me several times at the Bijou, talking twaddle over my shoulder to a similar Dude who sat in front of me, turned up behind the silk counter of a big dry-goods store the other day; and despite the gorgeousness of his evening get-up and the unnatural polish of his pointed finger-nails, proved to be no greater swell than a clerk.

To this Dude the coming change in Booth's will be very natural. Instead of walking up and down the aisle in full dress, he will stand behind the counter when it's turned into a shop. We shall not be deprived of him—that's a comfort! I saw the first performances given by Booth in the place. I looked from a proscenium box one night upon a little love scene of the distinguished actor. He was playing Othello, and his lady-love, Miss McVicker, was the Desdemona. The bed was at one side, and when Othello pressed the pillow down on the lady, she held her head far out beside the pillow, which only smothered her shoulder, and Booth leaned over the bolster and kissed her in a very unmerciful way.

Who will ever forget the first night of George Rignold, when he pranced on with a square-cut golden wig and took New York's female heart by storm? George was a stumpy man, with a butcher-like air, a red head and a wiry beard. He had a big, fat, dowager-looking wife, who held him in check pretty thoroughly. There was very little in him to fascinate the ladies; but he made love with an ardor that interested 'em, and the ladies were won to him.

The Unknown Star who supplied the Henry V. kiss. We all saw it just too lovely when Rignold took the French actress who

played the Princess in his arms, twisted her head till he nearly broke her neck, and proceeded in leisurely fashion to give her a kiss of such magnitude that its publicity was the most remarkable thing about it.

Maude Granger played Susan to Rignold's William on the same stage, and when William came home from sea, the people who were there to see fairly shuddered at the rapturous meeting. They felt that such acting was unsafe; that somebody might get hurt; and if they had seen Maude Granger's face next day, they would have found out their fears were not groundless. The rascal of an actor had a two days' beard, and his face was like a piece of sand-paper.

Then, when the reign of manly beauty was over, of a sudden Booth's Theatre was packed to see the debut of Neilson as Juliet—incomparably the best Juliet that New York ever saw. As the pale moonbeams fell on that loveliest of faces in the balcony scene, every one realized they were looking on the ideal Juliet, as when they look on the face and form of Edwin Booth they see the ideal Hamlet. That first Neilson season was a great one. The floral boom commenced at once, and how the Dudes of that epoch did keep it up. Then the real Juliet jubilee began. We had a regular festival of it. Rignold came back and had a benefit with five Juliets to make love to; and what a variable gang they were, to be sure. Maude Granger was one, and Fanny Davenport another—the long and the short of the whole affair.

One of the saddest sights I ever saw was in the lobby there during George Fox's last engagement. The wonderful pantomimist was as crazy as Lear. During some specialties that were introduced in Humpty Dumpty, George got into an ulster and put a derby hat on his poor old chalked head, walked out through the private box, paraded through the house, and was captured tramping up and down the lobby muttering to himself. But what a sad spectacle he was, the careworn, whitened face looking over the top of the ulster, and his tight and rosetted shoes sticking out at the bottom! A crowded lobby greeted his appearance with hushed and anxious comments; but there was never a smile on any face.

There's been a good deal of fun in that same lobby, however, on other occasions. The Gusher is not a matinee fiend; but occasionally some country cousin enlists her services and she drifts into an afternoon show. It was during one of Neilson's later engagements that a very pretty woman, in company with a gentleman, passed through the gate where Mr. Andrew Boyd then, as now, presided. The Gusher went next, and had nearly reached the entrance of the auditorium, when a rattling blow on her shoulder turned her round in an attitude which would have delighted the soul of John L. Sullivan.

"I'll teach you to take hussies to matinees," cried a raw-boned old madam with blazing eyes. The pretty girl with the gentleman brought up with a suddenness quite upsetting. Then I saw the situation—an ugly, club-handled parasol had delivered the blow, falling short, had lighted on my innocent shoulders. In a moment the man dropped his hold of the fair damsel and closed with the old lady. Some attaches of the place hurried them through the door leading to Sixth avenue, and the Gusher went out as second, umpire, bottle-holder, anything—feeling sure this merry little mill would be jollier than any show inside. It was lovely; the old lady dove every time for the man's head, and the man clawed the air wildly, trying to catch the flying parasol; the pretty young girl dove this side and that, a noble crowd gathered; when at last, with a shriek of triumph, the old woman attained her object, she sailed into the air like a boomerang; she clutched a lock of the unfortunate man's hair, and there he was, his hat flying toward the gutter, the old girl having a nice brown curly wig, and he confessed the baldest-headed man that ever sat in a front seat at The Black Crook.

"Now go take that brazen hussy to a circus if you want to," screamed the victorious patriot. "You're welcome to go on. I've fixed your flint for you, you scoundrel."

The little woman cried out aghast, "Oh, 'Lijah,'" and fled into the recesses of a street-car. Someone took up the name, which seemed by Biblical precedent peculiarly fitting, and "Oh, 'Lijah!'" went round the ring.

'Lijah grabbed his hat from someone. Without his wig, it struck his ears and went over 'em as easy as a barrel-hoop. The woman and the wig struck for Twenty-third street, and I returned to the theatre thinking that short but sharp set-to about as funny a fight as ever took place in the vicinity of THE GIDDY-GUSHER.

—The attractions at the regular theatres, one might suppose, at first glance, would stand but a slim chance of playing to even fair receipts during the week. It must be remembered, however, that hundreds will be unable to gain admission to Music Hall—in fact many visitors, who take advantage of the liberal railway rates to pay Cincinnati a visit, have no expectation of seeing any of the great performances. The overflow should be sufficient, therefore, to fill the theatres and compute the business of all parties over this momentous event.



## NEW YORK MIRROR

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## DRAMATIC FESTIVAL NUMBER.

## Salutatory.

It has seemed to THE MIRROR that the present almost unparalleled occasion in theatrical history calls for more than the mere ordinary exertion necessary to make this paper hold its own place steadily at the head of dramatic journalism. It has therefore been judged appropriate to devote an especial number to the fitting illustration of the Festival and all things connected with it. To this end a number of original essays upon the player's art and literature have been contributed by writers equal to the task and well known to fame—lives of the authors and actors who take part in the celebration—occasional articles having reference to things theatrical, anecdotes, criticisms, and dissertations on the plays which are on the bills of the Festival. And THE MIRROR pledges itself to give a perfect image of the subject in view, neither enlarged nor diminished, neither concave nor convex; but on a plain, well-polished surface, and with reflections achromatic and in just proportion. The player's chief aim is "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature." It shall be ours, on this occasion, so memorable in our dramatic annals, to hold THE MIRROR up to Art.

## Cincinnati's Triumph.

Had the projectors of the Dramatic Festival announced their intention of carrying out a similar enterprise five years ago they would have met, in all probability, with laughter and derision. Indeed, the plan would have been utterly impracticable at that time, for there was then a widespread apathy toward Shakespearean productions. The organizers of the mammoth affair chose a period for putting the splendid scheme into execution when all things were ripe for it. Their wisdom in this respect is only equal to their reliance on the newly-awakened interest on the part of the public in all things appertaining to the grandest purposes of the theatre. We cannot help admiring the courage with which the citizens and merchants of Cincinnati came forward and guaranteed a large sum of money to provide against possible failure. This substantial *esprit du corps* was but another evidence of the true character of the people of this city, who are always quick to recognize the claims of art in all its departments, and to generously aid any project which leads to beneficial artistic results. Their hearty co-operation in seven gigantic musical jubilees not only met with its just pecuniary reward, but set an example to every city in the Union which fosters the intellectual influence of art-progress. Happily, in the present case the guarantee fund will not be treasured upon, as the financial success of the dramatic performances is assured.

Cincinnati should be proud of its Dramatic Festival and the men who organized it. New York with its enormous wealth, Boston with its equally enormous culture, are completely cast in the shade. The treasure of the Metropolis and the mentality of the Hub have lain dormant, while the Queen City, combining money and brains, has forestalled them both.

The impetus which the representations in Music Hall will give to the drama generally is foreseen to be of the utmost value. The player's art can no longer be wantonly covered with the obloquy of which it was formerly the recipient. The necessity of the Drama as a social institution is admitted by all people who are sufficiently broad-minded to grasp the import of questions affecting the general weal. Next to Religion, it is, correlative with Music, inseparable from the happiness of mankind. There is more good to be derived from a theatrical performance than the

intellectual treat or mirthful entertainment which it affords. The ablest medical authorities unite in saying that it is a positive preventive of disease. This is not hard to believe when we note the refreshing influence of an evening at the play-house upon a man whose day is passed in an exhausting turmoil of business. Relaxation is essential to the preservation of physical health, and where can more perfect relaxation be found than in the theatre? Not the most absorbing work of fiction, not the most celestial strains of music can furnish the same amount of unadulterated pleasure as a fine play well acted.

Gradually the people have come to consider the Drama in its true light and its votaries as the professors of the greatest of all arts. It is no longer a disgrace to be an actor—it is an honor. When you hear a fellow-creature calling the theatre a place of corruption and the men and women of the stage a horde of infamous and vicious vagabonds, you may safely conclude that that fellow-creature is neither more nor less than a fossil—a relic of the past that merits the attention of scientists and seekers of curiosities. All that dramatic artists need to fix their status beyond the reach of shallow and vulgar criticism is public recognition, such as is extended by this Festival.

Such a collection of players for the interpretation of the finest plays in the English language has never been assembled hitherto. Such vast preparation in the matter of the scenic adjuncts of these plays was never before contemplated. The pomp and circumstance of the ancient Orientals did not compare with the rich pageantry attendant upon the productions at this Festival. All that that potent factor, wealth, guided by taste and intellect, could do has been done. The result we confidently believe will be the grandest artistic achievement in the whole history of the stage.

## A Caricature on Charity.

When Edwin Forrest died and left his handsome property near Philadelphia to the profession as a retreat for indigent, invalided or destitute actors, it was thought, that a permanent charitable institution with the power of accomplishing much good, had been established. Here, after fretting their little hour before the public gaze, the veterans who were no longer able to earn their own subsistence would find a home in the true sense of the word, where shelter, raiment and peace, after the hard struggles of professional life, would cheer their declining years. It was a beautiful providence on Forrest's part, and had his testament been executed in the spirit the author intended, the Home to-day would be a splendid monument to its founder's memory. But from the first the charity has been a failure. The great actor left its trusteeship to men who are bound neither by sympathy nor association to the profession. They have charitably and grudgingly admitted from time to time a few old people to the asylum. They alone partake of its benefits—such as they are—and pose as prominent figures in the foreground of this charitable caricature. The large mansion and beautiful grounds, which would easily accommodate a hundred inmates, is reserved for the exclusive use of a mere corporal's guard.

We cannot explain this condition of affairs except on the supposition that the trustees are indifferent to their charge. Forrest heavily endowed the Home, and the means to support it, with ten times the present number of pensioners enjoying its bounty, are ample. Yet to apply for admission, even with the highest recommendation, is to meet with almost certain disappointment. Procrastination and red tape are inseparable from charities which are administered stingily; silver-haired men, grown feeble in the actor's harness, have died of old age while knocking for admittance to this "sweet, sweet Home."

In a little room on Boylston Place, Boston, at this moment resides a man who is entitled to the benefits of Forrest's legacy. His name is Harry Bascomb, and the painfully sad story of his misfortunes is still freshly remembered. He was an actor of good repute, but, by no fault of his own, he was reduced to extreme poverty. Too proud to ask aid, which any of his fellow-actors would gladly have given, he started to journey on foot from New York to Boston. It was Winter, and on the way he succumbed to the severe cold in a Connecticut town, where he was found by the townspeople in an almost lifeless condition. They sent him on to Hartford, where, in a hospital, his legs, which were frozen, were amputated. The fortitude and bravery of the poor fellow carried him safely through the operation, and he emerged from the hospital, restored to health, but, of course, unable to enter

upon the duties of his profession. For several months he has managed to support himself by giving lessons in elocution; but he has not left his room in many weeks. The loss of his limbs has not affected his spirits; he is as cheerful as though no terrible calamity had befallen him.

William Warren, of the Boston Museum company, and Joseph Jefferson, a long while ago interested themselves in Bascomb's case and tried to get him into the Forrest Home, both signing his application. The Hon. Daniel Dougherty, who is one of the trustees, replied that "he was exceedingly sorry, for he thought the applicant might be worthy; but one of the members of the board objected to his admission, and to secure entrance Bascomb must be unanimously approved." Further correspondence ensued; but no progress has yet been made in the matter. There are scores of similar examples we might cite; but this one is sufficient to show how abortively the affairs of the Home are conducted. If this poor crippled creature, vouched for by such influential men as Messrs. Warren and Jefferson, is not deemed worthy of acceptance, in the name of Heaven *who is?*

THE MIRROR has frequently urged that an investigation into the management of the Home's affairs should be made by those having authority and some step taken to insure the practical operation of the charity in the future. There is ground enough to justify such a move in the undeniable fact that the purposes of Edwin Forrest's legacy are being constantly thwarted. We hope that the press and the profession will awaken to the necessity of actively agitating the subject to the end that a grave wrong may be righted.

## The Legitimate Renaissance.

It is encouraging to note the extensive preparations which are being made for the presentation of legitimate plays next season. The sterling works of the greatest dramatists will be performed by a larger number of stars than have hitherto devoted their attention to this lofty branch of dramatic literature. When Forrest, the elder Booth and the other tragic actors of that era passed away, the legitimate drama languished for several years. This resulted from the decadence of public taste, which in turn resulted from the inability of the players then figuring on the boards to act in a manner that could compare with the ideals left by the departed. As the demand for classic acting decreased, in a proportionate degree did the rage for trash increase. The play-house was given over to the mawkish pathos of the hot-bed society drama and the pink-clad legs of burlesque and spectacle. Hamlet and Othello were banished from the theatre, while Sindbad the Sailor and The Black Crook were admitted to the utmost favor. Even the splendid old comedies which formerly held their own were relegated to obscurity and their places taken by assigne drivel which passed for humorous composition. In brief, the pure, the good and the true in art was shunned for that which was vulgar, gross and false.

This meretricious condition of affairs of course could not last. The better instincts of play-goers finally revolted against the wholesale prostitution of public amusements. The reaction came, and it came with unquestionable force. The need of a thorough reformation of the whole plan of theatrical entertainment was realized. Dramatic managers—who always grasp the public's pulse and note with professional exactness its every fluctuation—were not slow to discover the bent of their patrons, and accordingly, with the astuteness which is their bread-and-butter attribute, altered the character of their attractions so as to conform with the prevailing demand for improvement. As mariners during a calm spread the ship's sails to catch the first breath of a wind that they detect coming from a distance, so did the managers clear the decks, right the helm and unfurl the canvas in order to profit by the popular breeze. Gradually the sway of the legitimate drama was restored to its former supremacy and the rank growth which had displaced it overcame to such an extent that it threatened the life of the theatre no more. Following the lead of one or two brave spirits who had through thick and thin clung to all that which was excellent and steadfastly renounced the temptations of all that was bad, new tragedians arose and went forth to win laurels where honors are highest yet most dearly bought. Their success encouraged others to try the same tactics, and the renaissance of the standard drama in America was complete when the Dramatic Festival became a certainty.

Shakespeare will have more illustrators next season than ever before in the history of our stage. First and foremost is Ed-

win Booth, fresh from foreign triumphs, which every lover of art in this country who has a spark of patriotism in his bosom must appreciate to the plentitude of their worth. This great actor, who is universally admitted to be our representative tragedian, will begin his tour not until several months of the regular season have passed. It will extend to all the larger cities. John McCullough, the lusty wearer of Forrest's mantle, surrounded by his admirable troupe, will, as usual, give his robust impersonations in various sections of the country. Lawrence Barrett, who as a Shakespearean actor bears an unrivalled reputation in the small towns, will carry the noble banner into territory which he alone penetrates. Frederick Warde, who only recently began to twinkle among the stars, will revisit the places wherein he has already left an enviable impression. Warde is one of the youngest and newest of our tragedians; but youth is really an advantage and the newness is hid beneath the veteran surface which long experience in stock companies has put upon his acting. T. W. Keene is another acquisition of recent date to the stellar ranks. In his wide repertoire he has attained distinction which will reap a bounteous reward in the future. Indeed, remarkable as it may appear, Keene has been a pecuniary as well as an artistic success from the start. Excellent discrimination and praiseworthy tact have been manifested in the manipulation of his professional affairs by the gentleman who undertakes his management. That sterling actor, Frank Mayo, whose talents are by no means confined to the familiar impersonation of the simple backwoodsman, Davy Crockett, will again revert experimentally to the Shakespearean plays. One of the most important events of the interesting programme for 1883-84 is the return to active duty of that ripe scholar and admirable actor, George Edgar. This gentleman, by arrangement with a syndicate of substantial capitalists, will traverse the country in those roles of which he has made a life-long study. He will be surrounded by a strong company, including Sara Jewett, who makes her debut in Shakespeare, and attended with all the scenic and other accessories which wealth can provide.

Although England charms Mary Anderson away from us for one season at least, she leaves a formidable array of fair actresses behind to give life to the heroines of Sweet Will's imagination. Mr. Hill's new star, Margaret Mather, has enjoyed one series of triumphs this, her first year on the boards. Next season she will extend her repertoire, adding several standard parts to those in which she has already been seen. Mile, Rhea, the charming foreigner, under the direction of one of our skillfullest managers, will include certain legitimate characters in her list of impersonations. The Polish actress, Modjeska, will play Rosalind and Viola in alternation with her pieces translated from the French. In the realms of pure old-fashioned comedy Joseph Jefferson and N. C. Goodwin will have the field to themselves, unless John S. Clarke should decide to leave his adopted England for a period and enter the lists too, which is among the possibilities.

Every true friend of an enduring and ennobling drama should rejoice in this plethora of legitimate attractions. On such material, it has truly been said, the permanency of the stage depends. The dramatic season of 1883-4, from the abundant evidence at hand, is likely to be both brilliant and memorable.

## Music in Theatres.

Music in theatres devoted to the spoken drama should be purely illustrative and subsidiary to the matter in hand. Nothing can be more repugnant to good taste than to hear, while sitting at a good play, the squeaking of fiddles and braying of brass between the acts in music-hall ditties and trashy dance tunes foreign to the style of the drama and suggestive of ideas contrary to those inculcated by the dialogue. What can be more absurd and irrelevant than a blaring waltz following a tragic scene of emotion, or a popular comic song tooted on the cornet after a tender dialogue between two lovers about to part forever. Yet we have heard "The Widow Dunn" played after the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet and a medley of opera bouffe tunes jangled between the acts of Hamlet. If there must be music between the acts in a dramatic theatre (for which we cannot see the necessity), let it be at least germane to the matter, let it be composed or selected with reference to the scene it follows or to that it precedes, and not suggestive of the beer-garden and the dance-hall.

At the model theatre of the world, the Comedie Francaise, in Paris, there is no

orchestra at all, the intervals between the acts being supposed to be filled up agreeably and sufficiently by conversation on the merits of the act that has just been ended and the criticisms of the actors who have taken part in it; but, then, the Comedie Francaise is frequented by people of taste and cultivation; the men do not go out to "see a man," and the women have no affectionate remembrances of the Mabile to lend interest to the clashing of a *deux temps* or the swoop of a can-can. The audience at the House of Moliere go there to the play to enjoy an intellectual, not a carnal, "entertainment;" a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," not a show redolent of perspiring dancers and pregnant with suggestions of wild revelry and vinous excitement. However, in our unconventional community, in which prices, politics and poker are frequently the staple talk of the men, and scandal, sermons and society of the women, we must have something wherewith to fill the dreary space between the fall of the curtain and the rising thereof; and since it needs must, let it be as near the subject as is convenient; let the music be so fashioned to fit the play as is the scenery or the costumes. So shall the ear be no longer offended and the judgment shocked by iniquitous noises as of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

## The Appetite for Scandal.

This world is given to gossip. There is a fascination about one's neighbor's affairs that our own lack woefully, and the man that made his fortune by minding his own business has retired from active life. News has degenerated into personalities, and didactic essays have merged into terse, rugged assertions and spicy paragraphs. A writer may exhaust his learning and weary his brain to produce an original and instructive article, and may, in return for his pains, find that a column of scandal "catches on" to the public taste and is talked about at church and market, while his labored essay is either not read at all or forgotten as soon as read.

Especially in dramatic matters is this true. There is a rabid desire to know all about the private affairs of actors and "the story of their lives from year to year" that possesses the public ear to the exclusion of riper matter. The doings of an English woman of society turned actress, per force, absorbs the attention of a whole continent and crowds the pages of important journals. Whole reams of printed paper are greedily perused by multitudes eager to learn how Mrs. Spangies has followed her volatile but fascinating spouse across the waste of waters and caught him *en flagrante delicto* courting another, forgetful of the "woman that owns him," or how Mr. Romeo Footlyte has discovered his fair but frail partner in the act of eloping with his friend and manager, Mr. Cressus Vampyre, who has promised to purchase a brand-new play, furnish miles of "wall work" and stacks of "window work" of the most gorgeous tints and elaborate designs, and "put up" for the starring tour of Mrs. Footlyte in the most lavish manner. There is more flavor in such paragraphs than in dry discussions anent the meaning of disputed passages in Shakespeare, or the manner of Mrs. Siddons as compared with that of Clara Morris, and the writer who panders to this prurient taste stands a greater chance of popularity than he who racks his brain for original subjects or studies to draw the stream of thought clear and pure from "the well of English undefiled."

Nevertheless, it is the bounden duty of all who can write to do what in them lies to counteract this morbid craving after what should be left unnoticed—for the more you stir up an unclean thing the more it offends the nose—and to provide wholesome food in place of the high-spiced messes offered to the hungry guests at the daily ordinary of the press.

GREAT care has been exercised by the managers of the Festival in employing a large and intelligent body of supernumeraries to participate in the various representations. The pains taken in this direction is highly commendable, for unless the auxiliaries be well-drilled and of sufficient number the vast human background to such plays as Julius Caesar is inadequate and even ludicrous. We have seen the efforts of the finest actors in the greatest plays spoiled by the bungling of "supes." It was the spirited acting of the mob which made the splendid success of Herr Barnay's forum scene recently in New York. Every man in the mimic populace felt that the eyes of the public were upon him, and acted to the utmost of his ability. A repetition of this stirring scene may be confidently anticipated at the Monday evening and Wednesday afternoon performances.



## The Usher.



In Ushering  
Mend him who can! The ladies call him sweet.  
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

All the large dailies in New York send representatives to the Festival. Montgomery goes for the *Times*, and Howard for the *Herald*. The best criticisms will be sent by William Winter, of the *Tribune*. He is to write extended articles every night after the performance. Mr. Winter is by far the ablest dramatic writer on the New York press. He is not only an experienced journalist, but a man of letters as well. His fame was made years ago on the old New York *Leader*—a journal that also graduated the sarcastic Stephen Fiske, now the critic of the *Spirit of the Times*. Winter's connection with the *Tribune* dates back some sixteen years. He has always upheld the highest standards of dramatic art, and befriended the men and women who have devoted their lives to the performance of Shakespeare's plays. He is a poet of great merit and a prose-author of wide repute. His judgment is exact; the tone of his criticisms dignified and lofty; his praise bestowed only when and where it is actually deserved, and his censure as cutting as the lash of a whip.

Joe Howard, of the *Herald*, is literally what Oscar Wilde claims to be—"a citizen of the world." He is equally at home in New York and Pekin, and if the next Arctic explorer should discover him inhabiting an iceberg in the Northern Zone, the intruder would have little reason to feel surprised. Howard's head resembles in contour the head of Shakespeare on the statue which forms a part of THE MIRROR's frontispiece. Perhaps to encourage the resemblance further, he wears a snowy goatee. He is not an accomplished critic; but he is a bright, wide-awake writer, with a large amount of common sense, which he knows how to exercise. First nights in New York always find him on hand in an aisle-seat, and he reports results to two or three out-of-town papers with which he is connected in the capacity of correspondent. Whenever the *Herald* wants a lively interview with the President, an account of the proceedings of a political convention, a humorous narrative of a murderer's execution, in fact, anything unusual, Howard is dispatched to do the work. He holds a roving commission, and you can no more put your hand on him to-morrow than you can on one of the educated fleas. Howard says that his parents left him the heritage of "abundant health and inexhaustible good nature," and to that legacy he ascribes his success as a journalist.

Montgomery, of the *Times*, is a very young man. He enjoys Winter's friendship and endeavors to imitate that gentleman. He is something of a poet, and now and then, over the signature "G. E. M.," wafts a soulful something into the poet's corner of the Sunday issue of his paper. He affects a bumptious, shallow style of criticism which is ineffably conceited and unspeakably tedious. His work is highly appreciated on the *Times*, where the peculiarly profuse punctuation which obtained in the days of Edgar Poe and N. P. Willis is still used.

Edwin Booth embarks for New York from Liverpool June 16, on the Cunarder *Scythia*. His Newport villa is finished and he will go thence, shortly after his arrival, for the Summer. Although it is quite definitely settled that Mr. Booth will act during the latter part of next season, no arrangements have been made for his appearance. It is a pity that our great tragedian is not in the field when Irving and his Lyceum company put in an appearance. However, Booth has little to fear, for it is probable that the English actor's personal success will not be so great as that of his stage-management, scenery and well-trained associates.

Not long ago Joseph Jefferson, while in a Southern city, entered a bank to get a cheque cashed. Not knowing him or his signature, the teller refused to pay over the amount.

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the comedian, "I am Joseph Jefferson, the actor."

"I have no means of knowing that," replied the bank official. "Can you not bring somebody to identify you?"

"That trouble is scarcely necessary," returned Jefferson. "You can surely take my word for it."

"That isn't our way of doing business—I don't know you."

"If my dog Schneider was here he could know me," exclaimed the actor. The accent and manner in which these words were said rendered mistake impossible. The teller had seen Rip Van Winkle and he cashed the cheque forthwith.

Dr. Houghton, pastor of the "Little Church Around the Corner," as the Church of the Transfiguration has been called since Dr. Sabine gave it that name when refusing to bury Holland, the comedian, is beloved by the profession. Many pews in this sanctuary are rented annually by prominent actors. Nearly all the marriages and funerals that occur in the professional ranks are conducted by the good Doctor, whose life is devoted truly to deeds of piety and works of charity. His disinterested services are appreciated thoroughly, which is some reward, to be sure.

Bartley Campbell, though an exemplary man generally, sometimes goes off on convivial pastimes bent. This, it may have been noticed, is not an uncommon thing with the children of the "dear little isle" to which the long-legged dramatist owes his nativity. Not a great while ago Bartley returned home at daylight and found his better half waiting his arrival in a most uncongenial frame of mind. After pretty clearly stating her opinion of a playwright who heartlessly keeps his wife in her slippers and wrapper expecting him any moment from early in the evening until 5 A. M., she relapsed into the most depressing silence. Bartley was not quite steady on his legs, and his head felt about as large as a cask of whisky. Finding, after repeated attempts, that Mrs. C. would not under any circumstances consent to carry on a conversation, Bartley, wearing a very serious expression of countenance, entered the adjoining bath-room and closed the door. A few moments later Mrs. Campbell heard a sharp report from within. Uttering a terrific scream, she flew into the bath-room, and throwing herself upon the breast of her husband sobbed out: "Bartley, my darling, what have I done? Have you killed yourself?"

"No, madam, I have simply pulled the cork from this soda-water bottle—see? The soda is to quiet this contumacious head—see?"

In telling the story Campbell says that the fright had driven all resentment from his lady's heart. She was pale and—reminiscent. He never knew to what extent he was appreciated, before, although he pleads innocence of any intention to play off the old suicide game, he recommends the soda-water bottle after libations as containing more than one virtue.

William Rufus Blake was a fat man—a very fat man, a man who could have played Jack Falstaff, as Stephen Kemble did, without padding; and Charles Walcott was a very thin man, a mere thread-paper, who could have played the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet without starving; and Charles Walcott, meeting William Rufus Blake, poked him in the adipose tissue with his lean forefinger and cried, "Good Gad, Blake, how stout you are!" And Blake, swelling like unto a turkey gobbler, in his wrath exclaimed, "Stout! I know I am stout, and there never was a stout man yet but what some herring-gutted son-of-a-gun had the impudence to tell him of it." As well as a fat man, Blake was a comely man and well liked by the gentle sex. Strutting up Walker street, in New York, then a place of dwelling-houses of respectability, he was hailed by a Biddy, who invited him to enter, saying, "Sure the mistress wants to see you, sorr." Visions of sudden conquest flashed across his brain; he walked up the stoop and into the parlor to the mental time of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and was confronted by a dame fair to behold. Blake smiled all over his face, like a plate of mush in ebullition, and attempted to take the lady's hand. "What do you mean, man?" Blake was astonished and gazed innocently at the Biddy, who answered for him, "Sure and ma'am ye tould me to call the fat man, and here he is; he's the fattest man I could see on the shireet." It was the soap-fat man the lady wanted, to sell him her kitchen stuff.

John T. Raymond, who is known in the profession as a good story-teller, and also for repeating the same story over and over again, called on one of his lady friends some time since and found a number of professionals present, among whom were several tragedians. As genial John made his appearance, they cried out, "Well, Colonel, did you bring your chestnuts with you?" "Chestnuts" being a term used among them for oft-told yarns. "Yes," replied Raymond. "I have a whole basketful in the coupé." Whereupon he commenced one of his well-repeated tales, which really was quite amusing; but the stolid tragedians sat back as solemn as judges. Raymond, with a look of ineffable disgust upon his face, turned on them and in stentorian tones cried out, "You blasted tragedians, why don't you laugh?"

"Well, Raymond, we really would like to oblige you; but we've heard that old story so often that it's an utter impossibility." A young son of Willie Winter, being present, quietly crept up to Raymond and, tugging at his coat-tail, said dispiritedly, "Mister Raymond, when's your goin' to bring them 'chestnuts' out? I like 'chestnuts'."

There is great food for thought in the foliage the stage as presented in various countries. It is no less strange than true that, in whatever

part of the world the scene-painter may be for the time being, the foliage that he paints will be the foliage of the country. The forest of Arden, for instance, in which lies the scene of As You Like It, is represented differently in England, in America (East, West, North and South) and in Australia. In New York the woods are all maples, oaks, birch and hickory, and their leaves glow with all the lovely Autumn tints unknown elsewhere. In the South, the forest of Arden is all cypress and magnolia, in San Francisco Touchstone and Audrey do their clowning and Orlando and Rosalind their courting among groves of live-oak and red-woods, and in Australia, the sylvan comedy is overarched by stringy-bark and red or blue gum, while in merrie England the chestnuts and gnarled oak trees shade the mimic scene. Art after all is but nature in compartments.

After fulfilling her duties at the Festival, Mary Anderson will sail for England accompanied by her *chaperone*. Dr. Griffin and his wife will follow later, remaining in New York a few weeks to tie up the loose ends of the American business preparatory to a year's sojourn abroad.

When a youth, Edwin Booth was his father's dresser, the elder Booth never going to the theatre without his son. Being so constantly thrown among theatrical people, he naturally formed a liking for the stage, with its glamor and excitement. His greatest desire was to "come out" without his father's knowledge, and with this object in view he understudied a number of small parts, especially in scenes where his father would not appear. Finally, the long-looked for and anxiously-desired time arrived. One of the actors, whose part he had studied, was suddenly taken ill and could not play. Young Edwin, in a highly excited state of mind, rushed up to the stage manager and volunteered to take the place of the sick actor. The manager, of course, was surprised at this, and said, "What do you know about the part?"

"I know it all perfectly," said Edwin, and straightway commenced to recite it.

"Good for you," said the astonished manager. "Jump into the costume as quickly as possible and go on."

This delighted the ambitious youth, who was only too eager to don his first stage-suit. He dressed himself hurriedly and was awaiting his "call," when his father summoned him to his dressing-room. This was an unlooked-for circumstance. Nothing daunted, however, he appeared before the great actor in his costume. The old gentleman turned to speak to him, and being thunderstruck by the wonderful change in his dress, said: "Ha! you young scamp, what does this mean?"

Edwin, somewhat disconcerted, bowed very respectfully before him, and said: "By your leave, sir, I'm going on to take the part of ———, who is taken suddenly ill."

"Well," said the veteran, "do you know your part and your stage business? Remember whose son you are."

Then taking a survey of the youth's costume, he continued in severe tones: "Do you know you must wear boots covered with mud, and spurs. Where are they?"

"I have none," replied the young aspirant, looking sorrowfully down at his offending members.

"Here, be quick; take my boots and spurs," said the elder, presenting his feet, while Edwin tugged at the boots, in which he soon encased his own feet, and darting on the stage played his part with much credit. On returning to the dressing-room, he was disappointed to find his father sitting exactly in the same position in which he had left him, his feet resting on the table. He made no remark about the performance, but went on to play his part as if nothing unusual had happened. One of the stage hands, who was a firm friend of Edwin, seeing his look of disappointment, said: "The old man wanted to make you think he hadn't seen you; but don't you believe it. He watched you from the time you went on until you came off, often turning and saying 'Gad, the young rascal does well.'"

This settled it with young Edwin, for he knew how to appreciate even faint praise from this great source.

## A Philosophic Frontiersman.

The fact that Cincinnati, during the Dramatic Festival, is likely to be the home of a large theatrical colony, recalls an incident in connection with the name of "Buffalo Bill" (Hon. W. F. Cody) that may not be without interest. As is generally known, he is now a man of large wealth. Prudent investment, the establishing of a cattle ranch in Nebraska, his books and his popularity, have enabled him to accumulate more of the world's goods than usually fall to the lot of an every-day actor, and the old scout illustrates in his career the success that attaches to well-directed effort. He is not a man, however, without social faults, and if Dr. Howard Crosby, or any other self-appointed commissioner upon the conscience of his fellow-beings was to sit in judgment, he would receive less mercy than that accorded by Sitting Bull.

Passing through Cincinnati, he met a pleasant-faced lady—a bootblack. Perhaps there was something about the boy that reminded "Buffalo Bill" of his own early struggles in life. At any rate, before parting with him, he insured place, position, and an opportunity that made the lad's life a success.

It was while his boots were in process of blacking that he met Dr. Carver, who was then temporarily a guest at the Burnet House. The

two had been brother-hunters on the plains. Carver suggested a visit to another old-timer, a Western man to whom both were known. They went, taking a number of friends on the way. There was a glass of whisky or two distributed, an interchange of reminiscences, and a game of cards. The Western friend had lost his arm in an Indian fight, and naturally, his part of the play was made with one hand. The stakes at first were trifling; but as the men progressed, the sum increased. The amount ran from five to ten dollars, then, to fifty, one hundred, five hundred; and when the party separated at an early hour in the morning, twenty-three thousand dollars had changed hands, and a sorrier-looking party of individuals, whose nerves were ordinarily firm on the trigger, never went into their blankets. Cody is a good deal of a philosopher, and as he tucked himself in bed, he called across the room to Carver: "Doc, we've all been wiped; but great Scott! if wild John could do that with one arm, what would he have done with two?"

## Reminiscences of Forrest.

At a meeting of the International Copyright Club (in 1843), at the house of a mutual friend, the writer first met Mr. Forrest, who was impelled to be present from a desire to see the literary gentlemen of the club. Afterward the writer visited the distinguished actor at his spacious mansion in Twenty-first street, where he became acquainted with Mrs. Forrest, who was *de facto* secretary to her husband, and, among other clerical duties, kept a great ledger chronicling every professional engagement of Mr. Forrest, time, place, attendance, the reception of each piece, and the receipts of each house, regularly entered. This was constantly consulted as a guide to new engagements, and exhibited many interesting facts; among others it seemed obvious that the bulk of Mr. Forrest's fortune had been derived from the original plays.

As indicating the tragedian's simple habits, the writer remembers that, calling on one occasion, Mr. Forrest came into the drawing-room in his shirt sleeves and a broad-brimmed straw hat. He explained that he had been at work in the garden. The writer suggested that he must have found it rather torrid work, it being noon on a very hot Summer's day. "A mere trifle," was the reply, "to the Russian baths I took in St. Petersburg, where you keep climbing and climbing up into a cupola, the heat increasing obviously at every step of the ascent, and the stairs were by no means few." At a later period the author read to the actor a drama which did not prove acceptable; nor could that have been reasonably expected, as the play was more on the line of intellectual development and subtlety rather than an exhibition of material power. It was the presentation of another play which led to a singular specimen of Forrest's character. This was more in his vein, and when read to him he accepted it at once, and determined to produce it in London on a third visit, which he was then on the eve of making. By way of good-bye, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest held a reception the evening before the day of departure, when their parlors were crowded with notabilities of all ranks and professions. Among these were William Cullen Bryant, the Rev. Orville Dewey, Chevalier Henry Wykoff, Parke Godwin, N. P. Willis and others, making altogether a brilliant and apparently most friendly assemblage. The next day a party of friends accompanied the tragedian and his wife down the bay, when farewell was taken, an incident of which was a friendly controversy on the gang-plank of the parting tug between Messrs. Wykoff and Howard, which should have the pleasure of the last hand-shake with Mrs. Forrest. To this end the two rivals kept up a lively run, back and forth, on the plank, as the packet ship receded, until, just as it seemed that Messrs. Wykoff and Howard, one or both, must go into the water, they slid on board of the tug from the falling plank.

Shortly after his arrival in London a long letter came to me from Mr. Forrest describing the state of things theatrical in that city, and the intense prejudice existing against him from his having hissed Mr. Macready in the handkerchief scene in Hamlet, which completely foreclosed Mr. Forrest's public appearance and any attempt to introduce a new play in London with any hope of success. After two years in Europe Mr. Forrest returned to this country. He invited the writer to dine with him the first Sunday after his arrival. To keep the appointment the writer made his appearance in Twenty-first street, and was ushered to the library, where he found the tragedian. With a few words of greeting and general talk Mr. Forrest placed in my hands a letter which astonished me as much as any document which I ever held possession of. It appears that Mr. Forrest had caused a copy of the American play to be made in London and submitted to an English actor; and the letter I held was a letter from Mr. Macready, giving his opinion of the piece, addressed to the unknown in whose name it had been sent to him.

An American play submitted to an examination anonymously for the opinion of Mr. Macready, who was at that moment the deadliest enemy of Forrest, with whom he was involved in a bitter feud, which a few years later led to the great and fatal Astor Place riot! This act of the American tragedian is almost inexplicable; he was probably attracted by the mystery of the thing, and wished to divine in this indirect way what the chances of the American play might have been if it had been fairly tried.

Another incident of Mr. Forrest's return to America after his third and last unsatisfactory visit to England was a public dinner tendered to him by a large number of eminent citizens, representing literature, the press, the bar and other liberal friends of the drama. The dinner took place at the New York Hotel. William Cullen Bryant presided, and delivered a speech introducing the guest. To this Mr. Forrest rose to reply, and had advanced some distance in an orotund exordium when he came to a pause. The pause continued and occasioned the remark that it was truly Forrestian, but as it was continued many had their doubts, which were put an end to by a sudden plunge of the tragedian's left hand into his coat-tail pocket, reappearing with a manuscript roll, by aid of which he proceeded at once with his orotundities.

The day after the dinner, the writer, having occasion to call at the editorial rooms of the *Evening Post*, found Mr. Bryant seated there in a brown study. He at once made known that he was in a great perplexity. The trouble was that Mr. Bryant had handed over the manuscript speeches, toasts, etc., of the dinner to the *Evening Post*, people with the under-

standing that they would furnish the *Post* with printed slips in time for its regular edition. The result was the time had passed, and no slips had arrived, the *Express*, it appears, reserving the matter for a later edition of its own. What was to be done? Mr. Bryant had his own speech; the writer could furnish the original draught of the speech he had delivered; he could also furnish one or two of the toasts. This was all well enough, but the prime feature of the occasion was wanting. Where was Mr. Forrest's speech? This Mr. Bryant requested the writer to reproduce for him. He pleaded that, having been only a listener, he had not given the speech a reporter's attention, but if he had pen, ink and paper he would do the best he could. Mr. Bryant pronounced the impromptu report a very good reproduction of what Mr. Forrest had spoken; it hit many of the very phrases employed by Mr. Forrest, and he was much pleased with it. With these preliminaries the edition of the *Evening Post* went forth—as the writer found when, the same evening, calling at the house of a mutual friend, he was handed a letter from Mrs. Forrest, who, it appeared, had already seen the day's *Post* and discovered the substituted speech. This had evidently aroused strong feeling at the Forrests', where the act was regarded as a great outrage. By way of side light, it may be mentioned that the writer on his return from the office of the *Post* met at his own office door Mr. Forrest, to whom he made known that he had just written a speech for him, explaining to him the circumstances. To which the great tragedian responded rather angrily: "I wish to God you hadn't." Here it may be noticed, as a curious circumstance, that, although Forrest wished to be regarded as an admirer of Shakespeare, and had been a student of his writings and an exponent of his language—so simple and natural—for many years, yet his own style of expression as shown in his letters, in his famous Fourth of July oration, and that at the dinner referred to, was turgid and elaborate to the last degree. Hence his vexation at being most innocently deprived of his fine feathers. Mr. Forrest did not speak to the writer for years after he had committed the unintended offence of placing a hoop upon the keg which, from abnormal fermentation, was bursting all bounds. It was this trait—that he had no other standard and tolerated no other view or opinion than his own—that so greatly deteriorated a nature in many respects noble.

C. M.

## A French View of Richard III.

James E. Murdoch is a delightful writer as well as a ripe actor. His style is simple, yet graceful, and in the relation of anecdotes he is especially happy. His capital book, called "The Stage," contains the following account of a French amateur actor who lived in Philadelphia many years ago:

His idea of acting was founded, as he imagined, on the great Talma, and was at variance with the English style on the ground of a want of nature in our acting. However such a notion got into his head, it is not my intention to illustrate the naturalness or unnaturalness of his dramatic assumptions. I can only give an idea of his French-English pronunciation, of which, of course, he was not at all aware: "You see, sare, ze English actor, he speak his solique to ze people too much. Ze solique is always addressed to yourself when ze language is confidential to the thought. For instance, Hamlet say to himself, 'To be or not to be—'at is ze question; wezer it is noblir-in-ze-mind to suffere ze sling and arrow of outrageous-fortune or to take arms against a sea of trouble, and by opposing end ze. To die—to sleep—no more; and by asleep—to say we end ze heart-ache and ze thousand shocks zat flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consumation devoutly ly to be wish't-for.' Todietoaleep—to sleep—perchance to dream.—Ah, ha! sare is ze rub, for in zat sleep of death what dream may come when we have shuffel-off this mortal coil—must give us payse. So conscience does make cowards of us all, and enterprise of great peace and moment with zis regard their current turns awry, and lose ze name of action."

Convinced of his great genius for interpreting Shakespeare, although no one else could perceive it in the slightest degree, our self-satisfied amateur engaged the theatre for one night only. Provided with a fine dress, he "strutted his brief hour on the stage," very much to his own gratification and delight, and it must be allowed, with like results to his audience—save and except this difference, that while his was serious and sober satisfaction, the audience took their money's worth in unqualified merriment and gave unbounded applause in the spirit of fun.

This state of things went on until the French tragedian, getting somewhat of a glimmering idea of the true state of the case, abated efforts which some of his auditors considered as depreciating their estimate of the true value of his performance, and in consequence "the goose" came down, as stage-parlance designates the offensive use of the sibilant element as an expression of disapprobation. The hissing grew to a whistling, and the whistling to a shrill and not melodious imitation of those feline concerts of the midnight roof, where applause is generally bestowed in boots, bootjacks and old bottles as chance shots warranted to hit everything except what they are aimed at.

To make a long story short, however, the curtain fell, and the discomfited Richard appeared before it as a gentleman; which, by the by, was not by any means his first appearance in that character. He soon convinced the audience that though he might not be able to act the tyrant, he could, at least, when not riding his unfortunate dramatic hobby, feel the oppression of ridicule.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, bowing very low, and speaking in a tone that brought the house to its senses at once, "I have performed ze character of Richard ze Tree times. My conception of ze tyrant vis ze back and ze hump may not be vat you understand as ze Shakespeare interpretation; but, ladies and gentlemen, several people look many ways, not all ze same in one direction, and particulaire at ze meaning of ze grand poet, vich I very much love and consider vith great condescension. Therefore, as I have made ze mistake, I vill now make ze apology by being myself again, and nevaire more try to be himself vonce more again, as Shakespeare says of Richard ze Tree times. Now, ladies and gentlemen, before I go away, allow me to say: If any parson present have ze opinion of himself as more Richard ze Three times as I have made, zat parson is very much welcome to wear my crown and have my dress to make ze performance. Ladies and gentlemen, I vill now say, Your service I am nevaire no more to forget. Bon soir!"



## Festival Points.



—R. E. J. Miles, the Director of the Festival, has been actor and manager for twenty-eight years. In the latter capacity his name is especially renowned. At present he runs three theatres—the Grand and Robinson's in Cincinnati and the Bijou in New York. He brought Adah Isaacs Menken before the public during the war; ran for a period the largest circus and menagerie that ever traveled, and from time to time controlled numerous combinations. In the theatrical business he is rated as one of the largest and most solid operators. A good portrait of Mr. Miles appears above this paragraph.

—Counting the seating capacity and standing-room, Music Hall will hold about 4,200 people.

—The scenery and properties were all made in Horticultural Hall, which formed a large workshop.

—One of the youngest actors of "old men" before the public is Owen Feirer, who is in the cast of Much Ado.

—Frank Chanfrau is represented in the Festival by his son Harry, who participates in several of the representations.

—Director Miles, owing to Stage Manager Daly's attack of erysipelas, was obliged to rehearse the army of supernumeraries.

—A large body of experienced men will be employed in moving the scenery, and smoothness and rapidity in this department is therefore ensured.

—A number of prominent actors who have closed their respective seasons have secured seats for the performances and will attend throughout the week.

—Julius Caesar, Othello and Hamlet are the pieces which most attract the interest of spectators, as they present the finest spectacular effects and the strongest casts.

—The young man who bears the name of Percy Winter is a son of the brilliant critic of the *Tribune*. From his father he inherits a love for the Shakespearean drama.

—Not the least interesting element in the Festival audiences will be the delegations of amateur actors from the best clubs of Boston, New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia.

—The Committee have had to refuse many applications for favors from out-of-town newspaper men. Were all accommodated there would be little room in Music Hall for the paying public.

—Homer Cope, who plays small parts in all the plays, was formerly an elocutionist. He recited the entire play of Damon and Pythias from memory, at his entertainments, giving each character an individuality.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Plunkett have traveled with Barrett for several years. They have resolved to separate from the tragedian for a change, however, and next season will be connected with some other organization.

—W. H. Daly, stage manager of the Dramatic Festival, was so seriously ill as to preclude his supervising the rehearsals of the auxiliary forces, and C. Bowers, until recently assistant treasurer of the Grand, acted in his stead.

—William Harris, who figures in the cast of Much Ado, is a sterling actor in the prime of his career. He is Rhéa's leading support; but he is perhaps better known for his long connection in the same capacity with Maggie Mitchell.

—Fifty carpenters were required to put up the proscenium in Music Hall and build the flats. The entire force of painters, carpenters and helpers that worked on the scenery and properties numbered one hundred and twenty-five people.

—Marie Wainwright, the wife of Louis James, was formerly a Boston belle who held a high social position. She married a naval lieutenant, but obtained a divorce from him and wedded the leading man of Lawrence Barrett's company.

—Edmund Collier has been a member of John McCullough's company for three years. His Appius Claudius in *Virginia* is an admirably conceived characterization. Mr. Collier is about thirty years of age. He made his first appearance at Niblo's Garden.

—Henry Hoyt, who painted the curtain for Music Hall, is the most successful curtain painter in this country. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at Niblo's, New York, the exquisite drapery of the Boston Park, and the classic picture at the Philadelphia Arch are all from his brush.

—W. H. Daly, the Festival stage-director, is one of the professionals who worked their way up from the lowest rung of the ladder. He has occupied every post behind the curtain. As a stage-manager he is second to none in the country. Mr. Daly is forty-two years old. He is a New Yorker.

The dimensions of the stage at Music Hall are: Proscenium opening, 54 feet wide; 40 feet high, depth of stage, 54 feet. The back cloths are 65x50 feet. The only stage in the country which approaches that of the Music Hall is the old Bowery (now called the Thalia) in New York.

—Kate Forsyth, although not a star yet, is shortly to become one. She has traveled for three years with McCullough, playing the leading female roles in the pieces of his repertoire. Next season she expects to go on the road in a new play as its principal feature. She is a very beautiful and gifted young lady. Her professional debut was made only a few years ago.

—The hotels will put away large profits at the close of the Festival week. Their accommodations are being taxed to the utmost.

—The staff of artists employed to prepare the scenes for the six plays, headed by De Witt C. Waugh, includes Gaspard Maeder, Charles Murray, Thomas R. Weston, Atlas G. Reeder, Joseph Piggott, Harley Merry, John Rettig, Edward Thompson and Theodore Strahon. Joseph Cronin modeled the statuary and *papier maché* properties.

—The statues of Minerva and Pompey, to be used in Julius Caesar, are very striking. They are modeled from descriptions of the originals which stood in the Roman Forum. One hundred pieces of statuary, made of *papier maché*, will be used in this single production. They will assist in giving the most faithful reproduction of Roman localities ever seen on the stage.

—The Cincinnati Dramatic Festival scenic artists, several of whom have achieved national reputations, recently considered themselves insulted by insinuations of the Festival directors affecting their sobriety, and demanded an apology and a retraction of the charge through the columns of the local journals. The directors, whose jealousy toward a fellow-citizen had obtained mastery over their direction, "did the graceful" and all is once more serene.

## George Edgar's Tour.

A conversation with Manager Edwards, of the George Edgar Syndicate, affords some facts not yet placed before the public with regard to the Shakespearean season of next year. According to the places mapped out, the affair is of much greater magnitude than was at first suspected. The company under Mr. Edgar will be capable of performing both Shakespearean tragedy and comedy, and will enter the field with a repertoire including Othello, Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet, Merchant of Venice, Much Ado About Nothing, Lear, Taming of the Shrew and As You Like It. This will in part explain the engagement of Ada Ward and Sara Jewett. It will also explain the negotiation with Steele Mackaye to take the entire art direction of the scheme.

It is purposed to employ the best available talent in the country, and to rehearse the pieces for several months previous to opening; and it is claimed by Mr. Mackaye and Mr. Edgar that in pursuance of this plan there will be presented such a completeness of ensemble and such an excellence of detail as have never before been seen in Shakespearean work in this country. Miss Jewett and Miss Ward, it is understood, have taken hold of the work with a worthy ambition and a high sense of art, and Mr. Edgar's well-known good taste guarantees that the scheme will be kept entirely free from the devices and tricks of mere speculative enterprises.

In order to make such an experiment successful a great deal of money will have to be spent, and the Syndicate have shown their good sense in spending it so far in obtaining unquestioned talent, and in preparing for a preliminary drill that will ensure the best order of performances. Maze Edwards, who is a theatrical wiseacre, says that the enterprise is virtually a new departure, and is based upon the belief that the conservative good sense and intelligence of the country not only demand the highest order of plays, presented with the highest order of talent, but that they will support them when so presented without the aid of circus machinery. The experiment is at least worth trying and ought to command the good-will of all reasonable lovers of the drama in advance.

## The Managers of the Festival.

Following are the names of the Festival Board and Committees, which we publish as a matter of record:

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

OFFICERS.—Gen. Edward F. Noyes, President; John Simpkinson, Vice-President; Robert F. Leaman, Treasurer; O. O. Hall, Secretary; R. E. J. Miles, Dramatic Director. Theodore Cook, Henry Mack, Albert H. Mitchell, John Carlisle, W. A. Stevens, John W. Harper, A. G. Corne, M. E. Ingalls, Thomas Maddux, Fred. H. Alms, Frank Alter, H. Duhme, T. W. Zimmerman, A. Goldsmith, N. Drucker.

## STANDING COMMITTEES.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Gen. Edward F. Noyes, John Simpkinson, O. O. Hall, Robert F. Leaman, R. E. J. Miles, Albert H. Mitchell, Fred. H. Alms, Jos. L. Anderson.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.—Albert H. Mitchell, Frank Alter, Fred. H. Alms, John W. Harper, W. A. Stevens.

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND ADVERTISING.—O. O. Hall, Albert H. Mitchell, E. H. Huntington, Ambrose White, W. A. Stevens, H. W. Woodruff.

COMMITTEE ON RAILROADS AND TRANSPORTATION.—John Simpkinson, Theodore Cook, M. E. Ingalls, W. W. Peabody, C. C. Waite, A. E. Buckhardt, Brent Arnold, Albert Netter, D. Edwards, Daniel Holmes, Ralph Peters, J. H. Stewart, G. B. Kerper, B. J. Bachmann.

COMMITTEE ON GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.—Jos. L. Anderson, Chairman, consists of several sub-committees. They are:

COMMITTEE ON STAGE AND PROPERTIES.—J. Wayne Neff, A. W. Whippley, Nath. Henchman Davis, Elliott H. Pendleton, Jr., Holden Davis, Joseph W. Miller, Wm. C. Compton, G. W. Carlisle, F. B. Semple, C. C. Bragg, C. C. Cook.

COMMITTEE ON HALL AND SALE OF SEATS.—S. A. Whitfield, J. B. Taylor, Perin Langdon, S. R. Barton, R. A. Holden, Jr., Jas. W. Bullock, W. H. Williamson, N. Drucker.

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presents a totally different appearance; but its associations are unchanged, and to revive them is a precious privilege. It was evening when I reached the place, and I immediately repaired to the Red Horse Tavern, a comfortable inn, made famous by the description of Washington Irving, who was housed in it on his memorable visit. It is well kept and moderate-priced.

There is a puzzling uncertainty as to the house in which Shakespeare was born. I am inclined to believe that it has crumbled to dust beneath the devastating hand of time, and that the edifice which is shown with much pride as the genuine article is a fraud. However, visitors have shown a commendable desire to maintain the delusion, and as some time ago the British people purchased, repaired and took charge of the house in question, there is no reason why one should very strenuously deny its genuineness. It is the shrine to which thousands of pilgrims, including Scott, Byron, Dickens and Thackeray, have journeyed to visit. The place is quaint, and of course old-fashioned. Although it has been necessary to renew portions of the woodwork, the antique oaken beams and plaster filling remain as sound as they were three centuries ago. Entering, I found myself in the kitchen. There was a big hearth over which, where blazed the great logs, had swung a long crane, at one end of the room. The attendant showed me a large arm-chair, said to have belonged to Shakespeare. It requires a powerful stretch of the imagination to digest this story, as it is recorded that the real chair was purchased by a Russian princess in 1790, and by her taken to St. Petersburg. Above the kitchen is the room in which it is alleged the poet was born. It is a low-ceiled, plain affair, rudely plastered walls, and intersected with rough beams. These walls are closely written with the autographs of distinguished visitors attached to rhymes and sentiments appropriate to the place. Scott and Byron's signatures are among these, the former having been scratched with a diamond ring upon a window-pane. Beside the fireplace is a wooden joist which is called the "actors' pillar," from the fact that it is covered with the names of famous Thespians. Among the Shakespearean actors in this manner represented are Gustavus Brooke, James K. Hackett and Charles and Edmund Keen. In the visitors' register I was

far the most interesting feature. Except for an old oaken table and chair and a medallion of Shakespeare, there is nothing else to attract the eye. Another room on the first floor contains a number of mementos, which are interesting if not entirely reliable. Shakespeare's desk is shown, which he is said to have used when he attended the Stratford grammar school. The youth was as mischievous as the majority of schoolboys, for the lid is backed and hewn with those strange hieroglyphics peculiar to the embryo scholar. A painting, the only authentic letter to Shakespeare in existence, two legal documents pertaining to the affairs of the family, and several other misty remembrances, complete the collection in this little museum. The display, though meagre, is a source of delight to the lovers of the immortal bard. I had almost forgotten to mention a paper bearing the signature of Sir Thomas Lucy, the magistrate on whose premises the legend says that Shakespeare was caught poaching deer. Photographs of the various points of interest are sold here by the old lady who takes care of the premises and shows visitors around.

After the cottage, the church near by the Avon River is the next point of interest. It contains the ashes of the poet. The monument, as reproduced in the engraving on this page, is ornamented with a half-length figure of Shakespeare, surmounted by his arms. Over this is a skull, supported on either side by cupids bearing a torch and skull and spade. In front of the altar are slabs marking the graves of Anne Hathaway, Thomas Nash, the husband of Shakespeare's grand-daughter, and his daughter Susanna. Near these is the stone marking Shakespeare's resting-place, on which is inscribed that most awe-inspiring epitaph—

Good friend for Jesu sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;  
Blest be ye man yt spares these bones,  
And cursed be he yt moves my bones.

The little church is extremely peaceful and quiet. On week days it is open only on application to the sexton, who keeps the great doors

here also, gathered around him in death, lie his parents, his children, his descendants and his friends. For him and for them the struggle has long since ended. Let no man, fear to tread the dark pathway that Shakespeare has trodden before him. Let no man standing at this grave and seeing and feeling that all the vast labors of that celestial genius end here at last in a handful of dust, fret and grieve any more over the puny and evanescent toils of to-day, so soon to be buried in oblivion! In the simple performance of duty, and in the life of the affections, there may be permanence and solace. The rest is an 'unsubstantial pageant.' It breaks, it changes, it dies, it passes away, it is forgotten; and though a great name be now and then, for a little while remembered, what can the remembrance of mankind signify to him who once wore it? Shakespeare, there is good reason to believe, set precisely the right value alike upon renown in his own time and the homage of posterity. Though he went forth, as the stormy impulses of his nature drove him, into the great world of London, and there laid the firm hand of conquest upon the spoils of wealth and power, he came back at last to the peaceful home of his childhood; he strove to garner up the comforts and everlasting treasures of love at his own hearthstone; he sought an enduring monument in the hearts of friends and companions; and so he won for his stately sepulchre the garland not alone of glory but of affection.

Doubtless many of the readers of these lines have seen pictures of Shakespeare made after what is known as the death-mask. These are copies of the face of the figure on the monument in Stratford church. This was originally painted in a semblance of life; but the colors have been obliterated by a coating of white. As it formerly appeared, the eyes were light brown, the hair reddish, and the doublet black and bright red. There is no means of knowing whether the artist colored the figure from a knowledge of the original or gave play to his fancy.

no uncommon thing for gentlemen of this stamp to waylay a lady coming from the play or a rout, throttle or bribe her link bearer and chairmen and carry her off, willy-nilly, to some retreat where their dishonorable purposes could be accomplished without fear of interruption. These pastimes were not stopped until street lamps came into vogue. In maintaining this residence Shakespeare must also have had in

troupe of actors. Among the plays given were The Merchant of Venice, Macbeth and Henry IV. Lear was acted on Shakespeare's birthday. In addition to these pieces, The Lady of Lyons, The Honeymoon and Richieu were performed. While the plan of producing Shakespeare's works periodically in his native town is not necessary to their perpetuation, nevertheless it is a fitting tribute to the



MEMORIAL CHURCH AND THEATRE AS SEEN FROM THE AVON.

mind the welfare of his children. Here they were given healthful training, with the additional privilege of rural recreation. It is recorded that the dramatist visited this home once a year. The calmness of it truly was grateful when he was worn and wearied with his literary and professional labors.

The cottage is kept in excellent order, and is inhabited by the last remaining descendant of the Hathaways—a Mrs. Taylor. She shows

memory of the immortal dramatist. The interior of the theatre is handsome and the stage capacious. Every accessory to the proper enactment of the plays is at hand. The audiences are for the most part composed of fashionable as well as intellectual people, who are drawn to Stratford not only by the plays, but by the simple, rustic beauties of the adjacent country.

The inhabitants of the town appear to be thrifty, honest folk. There are many small shops on the chief street, all presenting a neat and prosperous appearance. Of course, stereoscopic views of the Shakespearean relics, mementos, dwelling and the church, together with countless bits of wood, stone and other souvenirs, are the principal articles exposed for sale. Any of these things, however, may be bought in London, and at one-half the price. Fifty per cent. is not thought a dear increase by the descendants of Shakespeare's townsmen for the additional value the wares obtain from being bought so close to his home. They must place a true estimate on the credulity of the average tourist, for at all seasons of the year they drive this profitable trade briskly.

As night was coming on, an hungry nature impatiently asserting itself, I resolved to return to the creature comforts of my good inn. But first I could not resist the temptation of taking one more look at the river and its picturesque banks. I reached the bridge, and stopped midway. Looking over the singing stream toward the church, which was growing dim in the gathering dusk, the words of Irving, who stood and contemplated the same scene years ago, recurred to me: "I could not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and es-cutechons and vernal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum?" \* \* \* How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that in after years he should return to it covered with renown; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb.

With these words ringing in my ears, I sought the tavern, where thoughts of Irving and his visit to this place were intensified by a look at the poker yet called "Geoffrey Crayon's sceptre," and a seat in the arm-chair which he dubbed his throne. A royal repast, wet by the best ale that ever flowed into my stomach, put me in a reflective and happy humor. I could not drive Irving from my head. Here was the actual embodiment of his delicious word-picture: "To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn

fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of bandaging even morsels and moments of enjoyment."



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

locked, but opens them quickly when his itching palm is well-lined with British silver. The words of William Winter, the brilliant critic, sweet poet and faithful student of Shakespeare, adequately describe the thoughts that naturally overwhelm the visitor as he stands in this sanctuary. "All the cares and struggles and trials of mortal life," he writes; "all its failures, and equally all its achievements, seem

Pausing on the bank of the river, after departing from the church, one cannot fail to be impressed with the quiet, pastoral beauty of the scene. The stream flows smoothly by, while the trees keep up a soft rustling accompaniment to its pleasant murmur. It is easy to believe that, amid surroundings such as these, Shakespeare, as a boy, conceived many of the poetic ideas that ripened and multiplied as he grew to man's estate. He studied in the beautiful Book of Nature, and graced upon his wondrous soul the beautiful lessons that it taught.

Shakespeare's life—little as we know of it—has no sweeter episode in it than his courtship of lovely Anne Hathaway. To the cottage where she dwelt with her father, Richard Hathaway, is a short walk from the town. This picturesque abode is still standing. It is a quaint, rambling little place, all covered with vines, and its thatched-roof sheltered by the long protecting arms of great trees. The bench on which Will and Anne sat and did their wooing is exhibited, as is also a queer old-fashioned bedstead, large enough to contain an entire family, with strangely-carved posts reaching high into the air and supporting a canopy.

No doubt it was here that the youth and his sweetheart appeared before the girl's parent with trembling lips to urge his consent to their being wedded. Probably the father put on a show of sternness, and told young Will that it he really meant to make Anne his lawful wife, he must cross the downs to Stratford Church, and there, in the presence of a witness, sign a preliminary bond to that effect. Such a document, at any rate, bearing the seal "R. H.," is still preserved.

People believe that this cottage was the home of Shakespeare long after the wedding. When he established himself in London as an actor and part manager of the Blackfriars Theatre, he doubtless left his wife here, where she would not only be free from the noxious vapors and wretched sanitary arrangements which made the great city a plague-spot at certain seasons of the year, but escape, as well, the other dangers that beset a young and handsome woman at that period. Those were the days of gay gallants, who paraded the streets at night after an evening of gaming and drinking in search of such sports as pleased them most. It was

the visitor through the place with pardonable pride, and narrates the few real and imaginary circumstances which give it interest with as much pleasure as though she were not telling an oft-told tale.

Returning by the pleasant path to Stratford, several art-works were seen in the Town Hall on High street. There is a life-like statue of Shakespeare among these, and besides portraits of him there are others of Garrick and the Duke of Dorset.

home, could he have foreseen that in after years he should return to it covered with renown; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb.

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BED IN THE HATHAWAY COTTAGE.

shown the following verse penned by Hackett, the greatest representative of Falstaff:

Shakespeare, thy name revered is no less  
By us who often reckon, sometimes guess;  
Though England claims the glory of thy birth,  
None more appreciate thy page's worth.  
None more admire thy scenes well acted o'er,  
Than we of states unborn in ancient lore.

In this room the writing on the walls is by

there to pass utterly out of remembrance. It is not now an idle reflection that 'the paths of glory lead but to the grave.' No power of human thought ever rose higher or went further than the thought of Shakespeare. No human being, using the best weapons of intellectual achievement, ever accomplished so much. Yet here he lies—who was once so great! And

The Memorial Theatre repays inspection. It is of handsome architecture, and was built recently for the annual performance of Shakespeare's plays. Representations are always given here the 23d of April—the anniversary of the poet's birth. Parties of excursionists go from London and the adjoining towns, and put up at the several village inns while the performances are in progress. Different companies are engaged each year. This year these representations began on Monday, the 16th inst., and concluded on the 28th. Elliot Galer is the manager, and he engaged William Crook for the leading roles, assisted by a chosen



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